

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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SIR ISAAC NEWTON

(1642–1727).

BY RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

AMONG the immortals there is many a Tithonus—many a "white-haired shadow roaming like a dream," many a wan phantom crowned with withered laurel. But Newton is no Tithonus: he is mighty in his immortality. As his biographer Brewster declares, it is his peculiar glory "that every discovery in the heavens attests the universality of his laws and adds a greener leaf to the laurel chaplet which he wears." Down the two centuries that have passed since his death he has been acclaimed by great men as the greatest mind the world has known. "Newton," declared Lagrange, "was the greatest genius that ever existed." "*Nec fas est proprius mortali attingere divos!*" exclaimed Halley. "The efforts of the great philosopher were always superhuman," affirmed Arago. Nor was there much hyperbole in Pope's:

"Nature and Nature's works lay hid in night.
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

And though to-day Newton's "principia" have been attacked by the relativists, his transcendent genius is still universally admitted. His fame is unfading, for it depends on no ephemeral fashion, but on an unrivalled intellectual energy which forged new weapons for the reason, formulated new laws of the cosmos, and gave new meaning to every star, to every rainbow, to the ebb and flow of every tide.

Yet never surely was fame so nearly missed, and

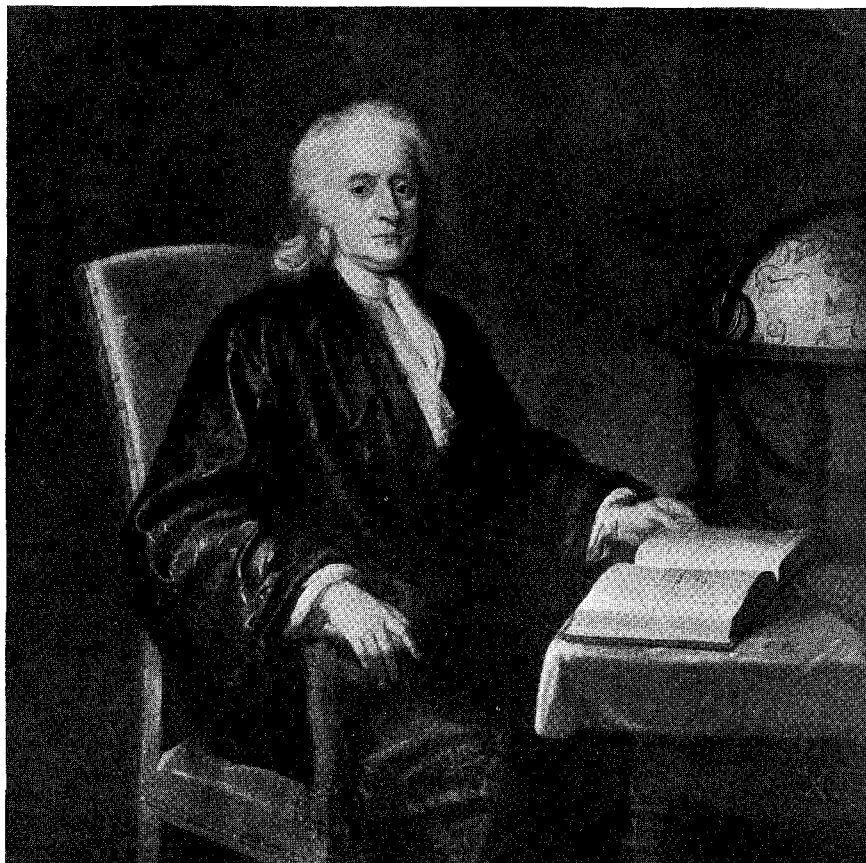
never did mankind owe so much to a chapter of happy accidents.

The great genius was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, in 1642, a year after Galileo's death, but born prematurely an infant so diminutive that he might

have been put in a quart mug, and so feeble that it seemed impossible he could survive many hours. Nor were the social circumstances of his birth propitious: his father died some months before his birth, and his mother was left with a very limited income. Up to the age of twelve he was brought up by a grandmother and received an elementary education at two village schools. At the age of twelve he was sent to a school at Grantham, and boarded with an apothecary.

He does not seem to have been a good pupil, and save for a fortuitous little incident in his school life it is possible that his great mental faculties might have remained unexercised and unused. But Fate, which had preserved the premature infant, suddenly kicked ambition into him. He was last in the lowermost form but one when a boy in the place above kicked him. In schoolboy fashion Newton challenged the boy—a boy stronger than himself—to fight, and thrashed him; and not content with thrashing him proceeded to try to rise above him in the class. He not only rose above the boy but became head boy of the school. Never was there a luckier kick!

At the age of fifteen young Isaac was removed by



Sir Isaac Newton.

From the painting by Vanderbank in the National Portrait Gallery.

his mother from school, that he might learn to be a farmer; but already his genius was fermenting. When he was sent to Grantham to sell grain he played truant and read books in the apothecary's garret or behind a wayside hedge. When he was sent to herd the sheep his thoughts strayed, and the sheep took the opportunity to stray, too. Already his natural bent had asserted itself, and even at school as a "sober, silent, thinking lad" he had constructed ingenious windmills and water-mills and water-clocks. Plainly he was not meant to be a farmer, and on the advice of a wise uncle, who chanced to discover him studying mathematics behind a hedge, he was sent back to Grantham to be prepared for Cambridge.

On June 5th, 1660, he was admitted to Trinity College, and, according to his biographers, had less than the average undergraduate's knowledge of science, but he was Newton, and within half a dozen years he had achieved immortal work.

Mathematical geniuses, like musical geniuses, often ripen quickly. At the age of twenty-six, Lagrange and Laplace had reached "fame's serene abode." At the age of twenty, Leibnitz published an important book. At the age of eighteen, Sir William Rowan Hamilton corrected Laplace, and Pascal wrote a book on conic sections. Gauss made great mathematical discoveries at the age of nineteen. Lord Kelvin discovered "Dirichlet's Principle" at the age of twenty-four. But all the infant prodigies of mathematics were put into shade by the rapid ripening of Newton.

In 1657 he was herding sheep, bartering bullocks, flying kites, making water-mills and sundials. In 1660, after a little special preparation, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, as a poor and poorly-equipped undergraduate, and yet by 1667 he had done work almost superhuman in its originality, audacity and scope. He had invented the binomial theory and the method of fluxions, had conceived and adumbrated the law of gravitation, and had constructed a reflecting telescope. While still under twenty-four, this marvellous genius gave mathematics a new agent for analytical reasoning, put optics on a new foundation, presented astronomers with a new organ of vision, and formulated for physicists new cosmic laws.

In 1687 he published his great work "The Principia"—a work declared by Laplace to have "pre-eminence over all other productions of the human mind." "No

work," says De Morgan, "was ever destined to effect so great a change or to originate such important consequences." In 1672 he was elected member of the Royal Society. Twenty-six years of professorial work ended by an appointment to the Royal Mint in 1699, and he died twenty-eight years later in 1727.

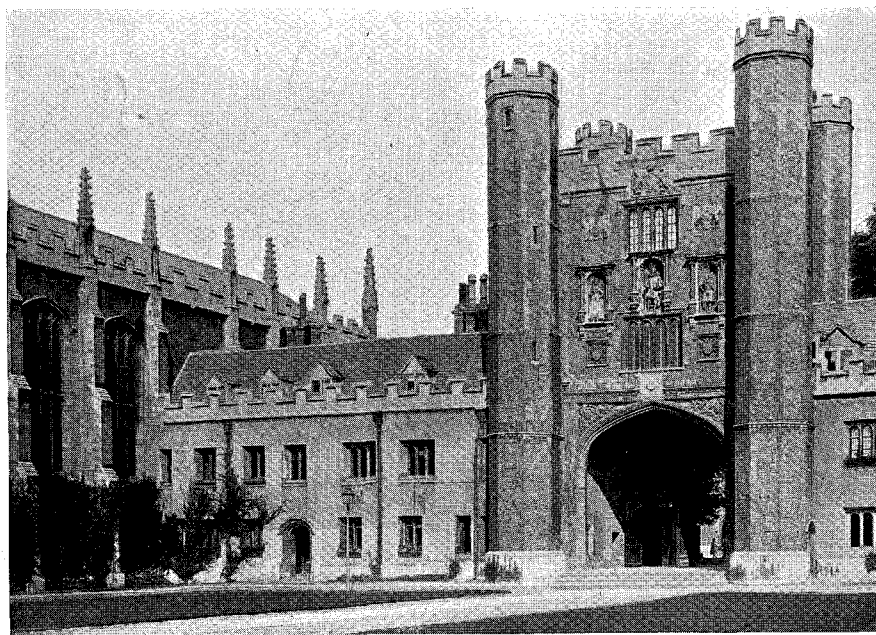
Newton was a mind "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone," and even to-day when the strange seas are carefully charted, there are few minds capable of repeating his pioneer voyages. Yet the greatness

of some of his work and the boldness of some of his adventures we can all in a measure appreciate.

Five achievements stand pre-eminent: (1) the elaboration of the method of fluxions otherwise known as the differential calculus; (2) the discovery of the refraction of light; (3) the construction of a reflecting telescope; (4) the discovery of the law of gravitation; (5) the formulation of the laws of motion.

The method of fluxions or infinitesimal calculus is a mystery to the ordinary man: he looks with awe and wonder at its cabalistic symbols: they are to him *abracadabra*; yet in the hands of an expert mathematician they are an instrument of analysis that has doubled the intellectual efficiency of mathematical calculations. For fifty years the acutest intellects of Europe—Cavalieri, Fermat, Descartes, Wallis, etc.—had been vainly seeking this potent *organon*, yet Newton, while still an undergraduate, succeeded in discovering it. It is true that Fermat had almost solved the secret, and that a few years later Leibnitz made the discovery independently of Newton, but that detracts very little from Newton's glory. He himself says: "If I have seen farther than Descartes, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants," but, even from such vantage ground, it required a giant to see so far.

The discovery of the refraction of light was dramatic in its simplicity. A hole in a shutter in a darkened room, a sunbeam, a prism, and Newton's quick brain perceived a secret that the sunlight had concealed for thousands of years. Many another observer down the centuries had made the same little experiment and had admired the colours of the rainbow band of light, but none save Newton had the analytic acumen to give the colours their true interpretation. By clear cogent reasoning he proved the wonderful fact that the white light of the sun is compounded of rays of light of all



Trinity College, Cambridge.

Macaulay's rooms, ground floor on left where creeper is over window; Thackeray's, ground floor on right of door; Isaac Newton's, over Thackeray's (he used top of tower for his instruments).

the colours of the rainbow, and that each colour is bent to a different degree by its passage through a prism and thus can be manifested separately. It was an astonishing discovery, so astonishing as to be almost incredible. Even Newton's wonderful contemporary, the crooked genius Robert Hooke, found it hard to believe, and the discoverer found himself involved in endless controversy. "I was so persecuted," he says, "with discussions arising from the publication of my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my comfort to run after a shadow."

But his interpretation of the colours was right, and was soon universally accepted. On the other hand, his corpuscular theory of light was ultimately superseded by the wave theory of Hooke, Huyghens and Young.

Newton's discovery of the refraction of light showed him how difficult or impossible it must be to focus all the rays on one point by a prism, and he was thus led to construct a reflecting telescope. A little thing it was, with a tube only six inches long and one inch in diameter, yet it was the parent of the mammoth reflectors of to-day.

These were great achievements, but Newton's public fame depends not so much on the "method of fluxions," or on his analysis of white light, or on his construction of a reflecting telescope, as on his discovery and formulation of the law of gravitation.

According to the popular story, the idea came to Newton as he sat in his garden at Woolsthorpe and saw an apple fall from a tree. The story came from Voltaire, who said he had heard it from Newton's niece, and wood from the supposed apple tree is still preserved. It is a pretty story, and it is quite possible that the fall of an apple did start the train of thought in Newton's mind which led to his tremendous generalisation that

the moon and the planets are falling too, falling under the same force, according to the same law. But the idea itself was older than the apple: it was the inevitable outcome of the whole trend of astronomical discovery and of Kepler's Laws; and it required only a mathematical genius to give it sound mathematical founda-

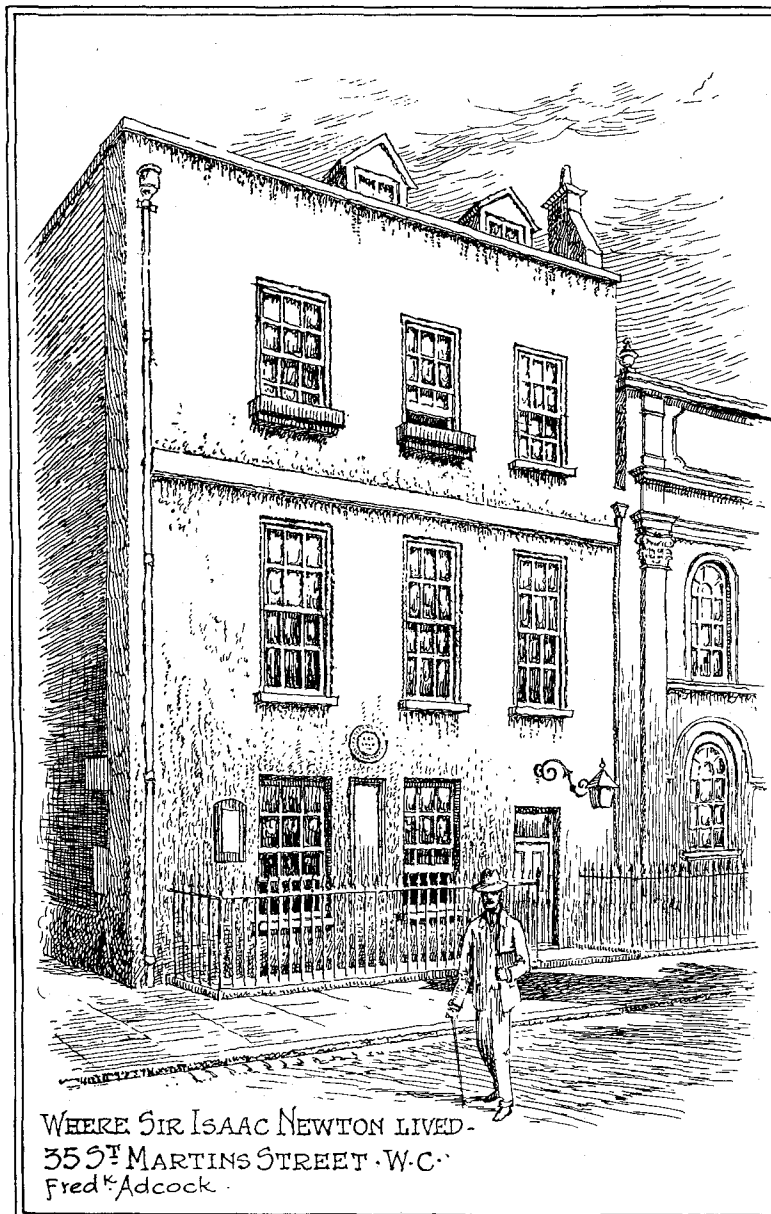
tions and carry it to its logical conclusions. Indeed there can be no doubt that Robert Hooke had a good grip of the idea, though he lacked mathematical competence to prove it.

When in 1665, or thereabouts, Newton tried first to show that the Moon went falling, falling round the Earth, in exactly the same way as an apple falls from a tree, or a bullet falls in its flight from a gun, he failed to prove his thesis: firstly, because his measurement of the earth's circumference was incorrect, and, secondly, because he did not then realise that the whole attractive force of the mass of the Earth must be regarded as concentrated at the Earth's centre.

In 1684, however, he obtained Picard's correct measurement of the circumference of the Earth and was able to prove that the power which guided the Moon

round the Earth, and the Earth and Planets round the Sun, was one and the same force, and that this force—the force of gravity—varied directly with the mass of the attracted bodies and inversely as the square of their distances. He proved further that the elliptical orbit which Kepler had demonstrated was the only orbit in which planets guided by such a force could move.

When Newton found that the mathematical facts were fitting and proving his mighty hypothesis, he was so moved and so stirred that he could not finish his calculations and was obliged to ask a friend to assist him in them. Probably the most dramatic moment in all the history of the intellectual achievements of man! He had seen deeper into the meaning of the universe



Sir Isaac Newton's home in London (now demolished).

From a drawing by Fredk. Adcock.

than any man. By one simple formula he had bound together the whole cosmos. Everywhere reigned the great law that attraction varies directly as the product of the attracted masses and inversely as the square of the distance. The falling apple, the planets, the comets, the moons of Jupiter, the tides, all observed the same law. The great discoveries of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, found their culmination in this great integration.

Bare proof was insufficient. It was necessary to work out the whole theory, and for two years, Newton, with splendid intellectual abandon, devoted himself to the Herculean task. "During these years," writes Sir Oliver Lodge, "he lived but to calculate and to think," and most amusing stories are told of his absence of mind and his indifference to the ordinary affairs of life.

In 1687 came out his immortal and monumental work, *Principia Philosophiæ Mathematicæ*, in which appear his famous Laws of Motion:

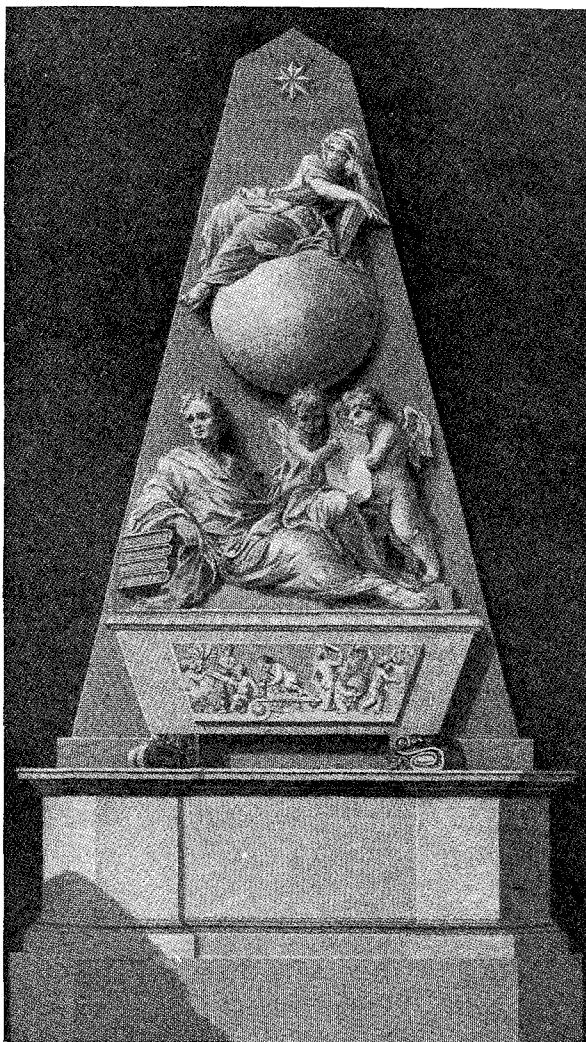
(1) Every body perseveres in its state of rest, or of uniform motion in a right line, unless it is compelled to change that state by forces impressed thereon.

(2) The alteration of motion is ever proportional to the motive force impressed and is made in the direction of the right line in which that force is impressed.

(3) To every reaction there is always opposed an equal reaction: or the mutual reactions of two bodies upon each other are always equal and directed to opposite parts.

These simple laws—says Pearson—"form the starting-point of most modern treatises on dynamics, and it seems to me that physical science thus started resembles the mighty genius of an Arabian tale emerging amid metaphysical exhalations from the bottle in which for long centuries it had been corked down."

On matter, force, space, time and the three Laws of Motion Newton based the physical universe, and the basis remained in its main respects firm and indisputable till a few decades ago, when Minkowska and Einstein propounded their rival theory. Einstein—agreeing with Minkowska that there is no absolute space and no absolute time, and that space and time are inseparable and must be considered together as space-time—has laid down a new mathematical foundation of the cosmos and has succeeded in explaining astronomical phenomena not explicable on Newtonian theory, and Newton can no longer be said to wear the crown of "indivisible supremacy," but still his work



Monument erected to the memory of
Sir Isaac Newton in Westminster Abbey.

remains two hundred years after his death incomparable in its scope and intellectual value, and he remains the greatest intellect the world has seen. (*En passant* it is interesting to note that Einstein was led to his idea by watching a man fall from a roof, as Newton to his by watching an apple fall from a tree.)

Newton's long life bears little relation to the compass of his intellectual achievements. He ripened, as we have said, early, and his biggest work was done, or at least conceived, in the few years between 1664 and 1667, and, indeed, his retirement from the mint of science to the mint of gold and his subsequent dabbling in theology might almost seem to suggest that a nervous breakdown from which he suffered in 1692 had more or less permanent consequences, save that even in retirement he was yet able, on occasion, to achieve remarkable mathematic feats.

As a man among men, his life was uneventful and unemotional. In early life he had one mild love affair; but he never married, and his personality, though lofty, does not seem to have been particularly impressive. Yet his schoolboy battle showed that he was not lacking in physical courage and combativeness: his determination to defeat his antagonist not only physically but intellectually proved a certain relentlessness of will-power: the loans recorded in his accounts display liberality, and the poetry that—in common with many other great scientists—he wrote in his boyhood suggested sense of poetry; and all the elements were so mixed in him as to make him altogether an admirable and lovable personality. Some moral timidities and deficiencies must be admitted: he was sometimes suspicious: he was not always sweetly reasonable: and in some of his disputes with his great rivals Hooke and Leibnitz he was not over-magnanimous; but a man of such intellectual force could not be lacking in moral eminence, and it is probable that if put to the test in any other environment he would have shown a greatness of character comparable with the greatness of his intellect. Certainly, he not only lived a pure and temperate life but was a religious man, and though some of his theological writings are of no value, yet his creed, written with his own hand, manifests a sane and pious spirit, and Bishop Burnet declared he had "the whitest soul he ever knew."

His generosity and charity knew no bounds, he gave away a considerable part of his income, and used to

say that they who gave away nothing till they died never gave at all. Deep as was his absorption in his intellectual work he did not sacrifice to it his affections, and when his mother was dying he sat up with her whole nights giving the medicines prescribed and preparing and dressing her blisters with all the dexterity of a doctor. Nor did he forget his first and only love, Miss Storey—afterwards Mrs. Vincent—but visited her every time he went to Woolsthorpe and gave liberally to relieve her financial embarrassments.

The words of his reproof to his dog Diamond, who upset a candle and destroyed precious papers: "O Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowst the mischief done!" are probably apocryphal; but not apocryphal are his nobly human words to Locke: "I desire you

to forgive me this uncharitableness, for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for having hard thoughts of you." His modesty, too, had moral beauty. "I know not," he said, "what the world will think of my labours, but to myself it seems that I have been but as a child playing on the seashore; now finding some pebble rather more polished and now some shell rather more agreeably variegated than another, while the immense ocean of truth extended itself unexplored before me."

A man of such almost superhuman achievements who could write these modest words was certainly great in character as in intellect, and well deserves his epitaph: "Sibi gratulentur Mortales tale tantumque extitisse *Humani Generis Decus.*"

THE TRAGEDY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S LIBRARY.

BY R. DE VILLAMIL.

IT is not generally known that Sir Isaac died intestate. The fact is not mentioned in the standard biography, by Brewster, nor in the article in the D. N. B. In the notes to a poem by one Maude, entitled "Wensleydale" (1787), p. 106, we read that Newton's nephew, Benjamin Smith, "left a small ivory bust [of his uncle] of admirable workmanship by that celebrated artist, Marchaud, which from its elegance, similitude and placid expression is truly valuable. It is said to have cost Sir Isaac 100 guineas, and is specified in an *authentic inventory* of his effects, taken by virtue of a commission of appraisement in April, 1727, now IN MY POSSESSION.* . . . [His] wardrobe and cellar

. . . in the valuation stands thus: Item, wearing apparel, woolen and linen, one silver hilted sword, and two canes, £8 3s. od. Item, in the wine vault, a parcel of wine and cider in bottles, £14 16s. 6d. The furniture and luxuries of his house bearing nearly the like proportions, the library excepted, which consisted of 2,000 volumes and 100 weight of pamphlets."

At the sale of Newton's effects the bulk of his library was purchased by Charles Huggins, or, possibly, his father, John Huggins. John Huggins was Warden of the Fleet Prison, and on June 15th, 1725, he was granted arms. (See Burke's "General Armoury," 1883.)

Huggins sold the Wardenship of the Fleet to Thomas Bambridge in 1728 for £5,000. He had two sons, William and Charles.

* This inventory was apparently not registered.

William, the elder, was at Magdalen College, Oxford, and there he made the acquaintance of one James Musgrave. John Huggins having purchased the patronage of Chinner, or Chinnor, Oxfordshire, presented his son Charles to the benefice, in the year of Newton's death, and to the rectory house at Chinner the Newton books were removed. There they had Charles Huggins's book-plate affixed to them—the Huggins arms, with "Rev'd. Carol^o. Huggins, Rector of Chinner, in Com. Oxon." beneath.

Charles Huggins died in 1750, and his brother William, having inherited the patronage, presented his friend, Dr. James Musgrave, LL.D., to the benefice. Dr.

James Musgrave married William's daughter, Jane, and impaled the Huggins arms with those of Musgrave.

There was a baronetcy in the Musgrave family, Edward Musgrave being the first baronet, 1638. Dr. James Musgrave was descended from the second son of the second baronet. He was never a baronet, but his eldest son, James, became eighth baronet (Barnsley).

After the death of Charles Huggins, Dr. Musgrave purchased his library. His own book-plate (arms of Musgrave and Huggins impaled, with motto "Philosophemur" below) was then pasted over the Huggins plate. This plate was engraved by B. Green (ca. 1736–1800).

After Dr. Musgrave's death in 1778 his books passed to his son, who, as stated, became eighth



Sir Isaac Newton.

From a painting by Vanderbank, in the possession of the Royal Society.

baronet and owner of Barnsley Park (Co. Gloucester), and the books were removed to the library there, were recatalogued, and the "Philosophemur" book-plate was surcharged with "Barnsley [Press mark]."

Edleston, in his "Correspondence of Sir Isaac Newton and Professor Cotes," 1850, has a most interesting note referring to the journal of a Swedish traveller, one Prof. Björnståhl, who records that in 1775 he made, with others, a special journey from Oxford to Chinnor "about 18 miles away to see Newton's books. The Rector of Chinnor, Dr. James Musgrave, possesses them. They cost him 400 £.† All the editions of his works, with his own notes, corrections and many additions."

Clearly, then, the books with the "Philosophemur" book-plate actually belonged to Dr. Musgrave, and were generally recognised, during his lifetime, as having originally belonged to Sir I. Newton.

These books, as mentioned, went shortly after to Barnsley Hall, where they remained for about one hundred and forty years and, it would seem, became forgotten.

Sir William Augustine Musgrave, the tenth baronet, was also Rector of Chinner. He died in 1875, having been rector for sixty years. The estate of Barnsley

† About four times what they appear to have fetched nearly one hundred and fifty years later!

Park now passed to Georgina, daughter of the eighth baronet and sister of the ninth and tenth baronets. This lady, in 1836, married Aubrey Wenham Wyckham of Swalcliffe Park, Co. Oxford; and in 1875, when the baronetcy became extinct she assumed, by royal licence, 1876, the additional name of Musgrave: the family name now being Wyckham-Musgrave of Thame Park (Co. Oxford) and Barnsley Park (Co. Gloucester).

Seven or eight years ago Thame Park, with the mansion and its contents, was sold by auction. And now comes the tragedy. The "Philosophemur" books were sent over from Barnsley Hall to be included in the Thame Park sale. The Newton tradition having, as I said, apparently been forgotten, there was no indication or suggestion in the sale catalogue that these books had once formed the library of Sir Isaac Newton. The books were in fact sold in bundles, as if of no special value, and consequently they went for merely rubbish prices.

A bookseller assured me that had the books been properly catalogued and advertised, they should have fetched at least £10,000, whereas the actual price obtained was about £100—one per cent. of this £10,000! Of the books that were resold by the purchasers (one a small furniture dealer), most, I gather, went to the United States. But—yet one more subject for lamentation—I understand that a great many were sent to the mills for pulping!

LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DRAMA.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT is well known that literary critics are almost always wicked; and I think that it is only a week or two since I saw it stated that historians of literature are usually dull dogs. So perhaps it is no wonder that Professor Allardyce Nicoll, in the third volume of his most excellent and valuable history of Post-Restoration drama is very angry with both. But the critics will be ungracious as well as wicked, and the historians will be ungracious and extra dull if they are angry with Professor Allardyce Nicoll. His ground of complaint is that the mass of his present subject has been either neglected altogether or misjudged; that Goldsmith and Sheridan have been overpraised if not positively yet comparatively; and (to take a single instance) that "literary criticism has made too much of 'The Rivals'." Here I must confess that I feel rather like Farquhar's Scrub, was it not? Not that Professor Nicoll "laughs" at me "consumedly" or mentions me at all. But I own that I love "The Rivals" more than anything (anything like its kind except "The Rovers") between Farquhar himself and Gilbert.

Of course, to speak quite soberly, the explanation of this quarrel (which is really no quarrel at all) is the old—the eternal—"two sides of the shield." Professor Nicoll, though he throws the glove in his Preface and again several times in his text, practically annuls the throw in the very first sentence of that text itself. "It is not to be denied that the great mass of late plays are to-day but dull reading."

Habemus confitentem. It is as "reading" that literary critics and literary historians have judged them. That many even of the dull ones "wull ack"—as the Ettrick Shepherd asserted even of Joanna Baillie's—is more than probable. The period, one has sometimes, indeed generally, been told by theatrical experts—the period which began and continued with Garrick and in which Garrick handed on the torch, changing sex, to Siddons—has had no superior in English theatrical history. And any critic or historian who is worth his critical or historical salt knows that there is an uncanny sort of correspondence between genius and the materials and circumstances that it requires. If it can't find these latter it makes them. Professor Nicoll is so suspicious of literary criticism that he even finds fault with Hazlitt for *liking* O'Keeffe. Curiously enough I read O'Keeffe as a boy, and thought him real fun, before I had ever heard of Hazlitt.

Let us however drop this, and say gravely that if this volume is not quite such amusing reading as its predecessors, it is almost more valuable. It is true that its subjects have been both neglected and slighted in the books most likely to be consulted: and it is true that it is well to have them looked up and arranged, made at least to some extent accessible without difficulty. It is again true that, without enthusiasm such as Professor Allardyce Nicoll shows, the thing could not have been done. For instance,

He could not love these plays so much
Loved he not Hannah More

and were he not capable of attaching the phrase *chef-d'œuvre* (if only as "*her chef-d'œuvre*") to "Percy."

Late Eighteenth Century Drama, 1750—
Nicoll. (Cambridge University Press.)

The reading of "Percy" is one of the dismallest tasks that the present reviewer remembers in years gone by. And the thing had to be done. There was a distinct gap which wanted filling, and has now got it. There must have been many readers of Charles Lamb who felt that they had no business to rejoice in what he said about things which they would not give themselves the trouble to read. There must have been some, though fewer, who looked with shame at the backs of the "British Theatre" in libraries; and some again (though fewest) who took them down and did not at once put them back. Moreover, there is admittedly no doubt about Goldsmith and Sheridan; as was said above, the great like Hazlitt and the small, like others, have enjoyed O'Keeffe. It is possible both to read and to see "The Clandestine Marriage" with considerable satisfaction; Bickerstaffe may not have been a nice person, but he was "a clayver man"; and Mrs. Inchbald, though at another time she would probably have been still better as novelist than she was as novelist or as dramatist at her own, is very far from contemptible as either. Of course the sentimental melodrama imported from or imitating German is intolerable. Mr. Chapman was to be most heartily thanked for enabling

us to read "Lovers' Vows" in contrast with what has made it immortal; for nothing "sets off" like such a contrast: and with "Mansfield Park" on the one side and "The Rovers" on the other, Klopstock betters any epigram. But we wanted something about this stuff as well as about the rest of the "ruck," and we have got it. I do not think Professor Nicoll says definitely how far he intends to go farther; but I personally hope that he will not stop before 1850 at least. He would probably be an even more severe critic than it deserves—that is saying a good deal—of the pure or almost pure closet drama of Talfourd and Milman. But from what he says here of Joanna and others I should like to see what he has to say of the curious stuff which was half closet, half stage like the works of Sheridan Knowles and Bulwer: while as in the case of the present volume, I should be most grateful to him for accounts of things that I have not read and never mean to read. No doubt I am very likely to have no chance of reading him even if he does this. But there are plenty of younger folk who must feel the same desires that I feel, and who have a fair chance of indulging them.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S SCHOOL DAYS.

BY R. THURSTON HOPKINS.

AT the corner of Buckingham Road and Upper Gloster Road in the Seven Dials district of Brighton stands the old Grammar School, one of the few visible links connecting Aubrey Beardsley, the artist, with the town of his birth.

The house is now the Sussex Women's Hospital and its exterior is unprepossessing—a tall dour building faced with gravel and cement. To this house Mrs. Beardsley brought her son when he was eleven years old to be admitted as a boarder.

To the school magazine *Past and Present*, Beardsley contributed his first drawings, and one may trace in several of them the touch of genius which was to make him world-famous a few years later. His life was short, as men count time, but he lived long enough to make for himself a name and a tradition that are lasting. He was born in 1872. He died in 1898. He was famous when he was twenty-two, and died at twenty-six.

As a black-and-white artist he stands alone. His work is unique. With Chinese ink and a gold pen he decorated white sheets of paper as they had never been decorated before, and they remain in art collections all over the world, among the most precious and exquisite works in the art of the nineteenth century.

Beardsley was threatened with tuberculosis when he was nine. He played the piano at a concert—as a great musical phenomenon—when he was eleven. At twelve he was almost as clever with his pencil as he was when he died. Thus one gets a picture of this restless boy, conscious of the possession of certain powers which may or may not prove of service to him, but wholly unable to decide what is the work in which he is most likely to succeed. If he could have had his way, he would undoubtedly have become an actor. His fame at Brighton Grammar School rested on his acting and recitations—not on his drawings. His love for acting and actors clung to him to the very end and

he once began to write a play in collaboration with Brandon Thomas, the author of "Charley's Aunt."

Brighton Grammar School has always been famous for its Christmas plays. Mr. Fred Edmonds and C. T. West turned out many operettas for the school, and Beardsley acted in these from 1884 to 1888.

Many of the old boys of Brighton Grammar School remember Beardsley well. One of his contemporaries thus describes his appearance on the first day when he came as a boarder: "I remember him sitting in a corner of the 'day-room' looking the picture of misery and showing very evident signs of home-sickness.



Aubrey Beardsley in 1886.

From a drawing made by F. J. Stride at Brighton Grammar School.

His figure, straight and slender, gave an impression, at first sight, of a sprightly well-groomed boy, and the curious red-brown colour of his hair claimed my attention instantaneously. His hair was brushed smoothly and flatly on his forehead and over part of his immensely high and narrow brow. I have a drawing of him made by one of his school fellows at this time and it distinctly shows this eccentricity of coiffure. I don't know why, but he always reminded me of a squirrel—yes—there was a manner about him that certainly gave me that impression. His head was always in a book when he had a moment to spare and I often caught him with his long hands drawn up on one side of his face like the paws of a squirrel. This was a favourite attitude when he was reading. 'Weasel' was his later sobriquet, but why this name was attached to him I could never discover. His eyes were large and dark—the oldest eyes I have ever seen; older than the world. He had a delightful and engaging smile for everybody, but once he took up a book you could see the intelligence retreat and retreat from those eyes, until the mind deserted them to adventure in space and eternity. I often noticed him lose his identity in this way in the class-room. It was a disconcerting habit; but the masters understood him after a while and would wait for his return. Literature, art, and the drama were what I should call, save for the mixture of metaphor, his intertwining key-notes. When he was twelve years old he was feverishly hungry for books. He came once or twice to my father's house at Worthing with me and carried away the most diverse collection of books that any boy could possibly choose. He called Dickens 'our cockney Shakespeare' but he never read one of his works, they bored him, he said. One book which he took from our library delighted him for weeks, and that was the 'Lives of all the Notorious Pirates.' I remember the book inspired us to a series of pirate games, and for a week or two our speech was carefully fashioned after the jargon of those sad rogues of the skull-and-crossbones. We addressed other boys as 'ill-looking dogs,' and I remember Beardsley hissing in my ears such imprecations as 'Harkee ye rogue, you will be hang'd because ye have a damn'd

hanging look.' About this time he wrote several pirate tales and ballads which appeared in the school magazine and a paper called *Brighton Society*. Among the books he read at the age of twelve may be mentioned, 'Thomas Chatterton's Poems,' Boccaccio's 'Decameron' and most of the tales and verse of Edgar Allan Poe."

A sea ballad written in 1886 by Beardsley is precious, if slight. It is full of a native simplicity which was a quality that he never again introduced into his artistic and literary efforts.

THE VALIANT.

'The *Valiant* was a noble bark
As ever ploughed the sea,
A noble crew she also had
As ever there might be.

"When once at night upon the deep
The *Valiant* did sail
Her captain saw a pirate ship
By the moonlight dim and pale.

"Then up he called his goodly crew,
And unto them thus spake:
'A musket and a cutlass sharp
Each must directly take.

"For yonder see a pirate ship,
Behold her flag so dark;
See now the gloomy vessel
Makes straight for this our bark.'

"Scarce had the Captain spoke those words
Than a shot o'er his head did fly
From the deck of the pirate ship which now
To the *Valiant* was hard by.

"Approaching near, twelve desperate men
On the *Valiant's* deck did leap,
But some there were less brave and strong
Who to their ship did keep.

"And then a moment afterwards
Did a bloody fray ensue,
And as the time sped onward
Fiercer the fray it grew.

"Come on!' the *Valiant's*
captain cried,
'Come on, my comrades brave,
And if we die we shall
not sink
Inglorious 'neath the
wave.'

"When the morning
came, and the men
arose,
The pirates, where
were they?
The ship had sunk and
all its crew;
Dead 'neath the sea
they lay.
A. V. BEARDSLEY.

Beardsley was a shy, retiring boy, who did not care much for games, and made very few friends. The old



Great Peatling Covert.

From "The Harboro' Country," by Charles Simpson (John Lane).

Chain Pier, once the glory of fashionable Brighton, but in Beardsley's time a decaying and deserted relic of the past, became his favourite resort. It was while pacing the weather-beaten structure from end to end that he committed to memory his lines in the school plays.

Mr. E. J. Marshall, the head master of Brighton Grammar School during Beardsley's school days, was a remarkably successful man with wild, irresponsible boys. If other schools found certain boys too mischievous they were generally passed along to Marshall to tame. He had a strange gift for compelling devotion from his pupils, and many of the wild boys passed on to him brought credit to the school and remained his friends until he died. He was possessed of an irascible temper, and was naturally disputatious. On the other hand he was most just to any boy who came before him in trouble. Young Beardsley was once in trouble for stuffing the corner of Marshall's gown into an inkpot while his back was turned. When the old pedagogue went striding up the class-room, his gown took the inkpot with him, and it freely sprinkled everything around. The old schoolmaster was very deaf, and when the inkpot fell with a crash he did not hear it. Not till a wild wave of laughter passed over the class did he discover Beardsley's little joke.

During Whistler's impecunious days in Tite Street, Chelsea, he once or twice visited an American boy at

Brighton Grammar School. Marshall introduced him to a Bond Street tailor who lived at Brighton, and in the end he commissioned Whistler to paint a picture for him. Whistler arrived at Brighton with the picture and called at the tailor's house. But the family were spending the day on the Downs. When they returned, Whistler was asleep on the sofa, and all the pictures on the wall were carefully turned facing the wall with the exception of his own picture which he had placed in a prominent position over the mantelshelf.

C. B. Cochran and Aubrey Beardsley were schoolboys together at Brighton Grammar School. They both appeared in the original operettas written by Fred Edmonds and C. T. West each Christmas. In 1886 Beardsley first showed his dramatic ability in the School Prologue. The chief honours in the Prologue for 1887, played at the Dome, went to C. B. Cochran as Henry VII and Beardsley as The Spirit of Progress. Beardsley had a fine speaking voice and at a concert in 1887 he read out the skating scene from "The Pickwick Papers." Later on we find him taking an important part in a musical play called "The Pay of the Pied Piper."

The programme for this operetta was illustrated with black-and-white sketches by Beardsley, and these are his first published work as an artist. At a school concert in 1888 he recited "Mary's Ghost," by Hood, and C. B. Cochran recited one of George R. Sims's poems.

THE THREE MAUPASSANTS.

BY ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.

A CONTEMPORARY impression of Guy de Maupassant at the summit of his fame says: "It was evident to the naked eye that there were three Maupassants—a fine writer, a perfect ass and a very sick man." The somewhat puzzling activities of publishers are introducing this trio to innumerable circles where the arrival of three Maupassants—or even one—in the flesh would result in odd embarrassments. We knew him as author of a few of the greatest short stories ever written, and of perhaps the one short story most nearly approaching artistic perfection—"Boule de Suif." We knew him vaguely as, if not "a perfect ass," at least many degrees removed from the style of wisdom approved by Victorian biography; he was no Vicers or Peabody or Garfield, and had little in common with Albert "the Great and Good." We knew him as "a very sick man" at Passy, where he dotted the i's and crossed the t's of a misspent life by dying according to the rules and prophets; in a "moral play," as "Everyman" describes itself gravely, he could not have made a more salutary end. Suddenly in swift succession come complete and unabridged editions, full biographies, critical essays, volumes of selected stories. I see the literary world sometimes as a kind of bleak Zoo of caged authors, some regularly fed to the plaudits of crowds who half wonder whether the lions will be content, some regularly and consistently neglected. Now and then there is an inexplicable rush to some long-forgotten specimen (it may be dead or moribund) with nuts of meticulous criticism and buns of belated approval. Violent concentration of interest on one author or another has been so marked

lately that one is tempted to suggest safeguards against needless duplication of labour and time. Why, for instance, so many translations scarcely differing even in magnitude? As a story-writer's writer, Guy de Maupassant has a definite interest and value; one hopes that the number of almost identical books by, or on, or from Maupassant, may not exhaust the capacity of shelves and counters before the English short story, stimulated by this revival, finds courage enough to raise a modest head.

At least Mr. Ernest Boyd's biography* is welcome; it comes as a natural sequel to his handsome edition of Maupassant, and is in many ways a distinguished piece of work, written with balance and judgment. Somewhat curiously, I find that Mr. Sherard's almost truculently chivalrous advocacy of Maupassant—interesting and human as I thought the book—has left a stronger indictment than Mr. Boyd's restrained statement of bare fact. He writes without heroics, and leaves comment for the most part to his readers. Maupassant is the least heroic figure in literature, and almost the only redeeming episode in this meteoric life is, I think, the famous friendship with Bouilhet and Flaubert. Mr. Boyd gives us a pleasant picture of the two elder writers taking the boy to a fair where Bouilhet impersonated a Norman peasant, and Flaubert his old wife, showing in brilliant dialect for the benefit of their young pupil the queer twists and turns of Norman rural character. I confess that the more I read of Maupassant the more I love—Gustave Flaubert;

* "Guy de Maupassant: A Biographical Study." By Ernest Boyd. 21s. (Knopf.)

but there must have been some vein of real greatness in Maupassant which made him, unlike Louis Colet, who was too small for docility, submit calmly to his stern apprenticeship. But what a reward he had! "This little story will live, you may be sure of that!" cries Flaubert in an ecstasy, over "Boule de Suif." "What lovely creatures your *bourgeois* are! You have not missed one. Cornudet is fine and real! The man pitted with smallpox perfect, and the count—'my dear child'—and the ending! The poor girl crying while he sings the Marseillaise—sublime. I could kiss you for it. No, really! I am pleased!" This friendship is delightful and creditable from first to last, and we think the better of Maupassant for his genuine heart-break when he knew that his old mentor, with his red face and white moustache, his straggling curls under the skull-cap, his great brown dressing-gown, and the pupils of the blue eyes like tiny black seeds moving restlessly as he read or wrote, had passed from this transitory world for ever. And here let me say that a passage quoted by Mr. Boyd from a letter of Flaubert's to Madame Maupassant haunts me: "We are not only friends from childhood, but fellow-students, almost. Do you remember how we used to read 'Les Feuilles d'Automne' at Fécamp, in the little room on the second floor?"

If her son—who "could not love"—had had even a tiny, wistful memory like this to sweeten life! Out

of the fragrance of an old love story was born the first masterpiece which Laure le Poittevin's son and Gustave Flaubert gave to the world.

Mr. Boyd gives us many thumb-nail sketches of men like Alphonse Daudet, Zola, Taine, Turgenev, the Goncourts. He has some interesting comments on Maupassant's verse, and there is a suggestive reference to mediæval influences on some of the shorter stories.

To another collection of selected "Tales from Maupassant,"* Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham contributes a brief introduction. He is a picturesque figure to draw curtains, and even in six brief pages says what no other writer is likely to have said or thought of saying; that just as Apuleius, Petronius Arbiter, and Lucian of Samosata are fresh and alive to-day, and can be read with pleasure and understanding, so these three would be able to read and appreciate Maupassant, who belongs equally to many ages. It is a provocative and brilliant little essay, to be taken with some salt. The translations of the stories are quite well done; but one cannot imagine why the meaning and pronunciation of the title, "Boule de Suif," should have been given where it stands, when the picture of the unhappy girl sobbing between the couplets of song should have been left on the mind of the reader, framed in the snow and darkness of the Dieppe road.

* "Tales from Maupassant." 7s. 6d. (Nash & Grayson.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1927.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that Competition I will be for the best original lyric until three months' notice of a change has been given.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief quotations, one from the literature of the past and one from the literature of the present, indicating by the comparison that woman is, or is not, the same to-day as yesterday.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

- I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to J. Morton

George, 4, Glebe Avenue, Woodford Green, Essex, and Molly Young, The Nurses' Home, The Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, for the following:—

NARCISSI.

*A flower-girl in the street to-day,
With bloom-filled basket all aglow,
Amidst her tulips hidden away
Had some narcissi flowers, I know,
For as I passed the scent of these
Came floating to me on the breeze.*

And, all at once, against her dress—
Her yellow dress—I saw them lie,
Narcissi flowers of loveliness,
Each one with red and yellow eye,
All gently moving up and down,
Against the colour of her gown.

I saw her face, where laughter played,
Her fair cheeks flushed—her cheeks so fair—
Far lovelier than the flowers which swayed
So softly on her bosom there.
Her eyes! Her eyes? Sweet eyes of blue!
Her mouth so red! Her mouth so true!

And memory gave me back the hours,
Of all life's radiant hours the best—
(Oh, scent uprising of the flowers
So sorely crushed upon her breast!)
So young was I! And she so fair!
And there was sunshine in her hair!

*I know that 'midst those tulips there
That in the flower-girl's basket lay,—
The pink ones, bolder far than fair,
The red and yellow, brave and gay—
Narcissi flowers lay crushed and sweet
And spread their perfume through the street.*

J. MORTON GEORGE.

MAGIC.

Wind and moor and mist and tree
Have laid their spell on you and me,
Have worked their wisdom all unheard
With never a sound but a singing bird.

We have been where nobody goes,
The secret way that nobody knows
But the wind and the sun and the rain, maybe,
And the Little People, and you and me.

Lo! comrades we, and loyal friends,
For we have been where the rainbow ends!
And we have known, again and again,
The lovely magic of April rain.

MOLLY YOUNG.

We also select for printing :

JENNIFER.

Jennifer's hair's a golden glory,
Part of a sunbeam's 'prisoned there ;
Other men sigh for fame and fortune—
Mine is the gold in Jennifer's hair.

Jennifer's lips! If Trojan Helen
Launched with her face a thousand ships,
How many men would die to-morrow
All for the touch of Jennifer's lips?

Jennifer's eyes are pools of azure,
Fair as the hue of summer skies ;
Ne'er have I seen a fairer vision :
Love-light agleam in Jennifer's eyes!

(Stuart Ayers, 18, Sydenham Park, S.E.26.)

We also specially commend the lyrics by Frederick A. Gallimore (Rio de Janeiro), Irene Petch (Kirbymoorside), May H. Clarke (Woolwich), R. M. Niven (London, S.E.), John M. Thomson (London, N.W.), W. Tasker (Gidea Park), Kathleen Lee (Forest Gate), Ada Heather-Bigg (London, W.), Liam P. Clancy (Hampstead), J. C. Thornton (Cambridge), Winifred Barrows (Great Malvern), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), F. Phyllis Haultain (St. Catharine's, Ontario), Freda Baxter (Blackheath), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Ivan Adair (Leeds), Margaret Huggins (Exmouth), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Irene Wintle (Durham), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Norwich), Teresa B. Noble (Long Melford), Joyce Wilkinson (Regent's Park), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), V. S. Staff (Crouch End), Marcella Whitaker (Brandsby), Alice M. Shaw (Bloemfontein, South Africa), Wilfred Gavin Brown (Esher), J. H. P. Chadburn (Upper Egypt), Blanche M. Peirse (Bath), Angus Kerr Sillars (Kilmarnock), T. E. Casson (Newton-le-Willows), Dora A. Pattinson (Middlesbrough), Doris Reynolds (Darlington), W. A. G. Kemp (Northwood), F. M. Comper (Oxford), Leo C. Robertson (Clifton, Bristol), E. Francis Kingston (Rayleigh), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), Edith M. Kirk (Lincoln), Arthur Sullivan (Channel Islands), J. Anthony McDonald (Dublin), Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), Jenny Pollock (Londonderry), C. H. Lay (Leiston), Iris Osyth Briscoe (Pennsylvania), Kathleen Knox (Belfast), Anthony Gilbert (Covent Garden), N. Langton (Muswell



Venice.

From "The Picture Guides," by P. Gauthiez (Medici Press).

Hill), Lilian H. Kruse (Eastbourne), Cecily S. D. Wright (Edinburgh), Freda I. Noble (Long Melford).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Peggy McDonald, 12, David Street, Kinghorn, Fife, for the following :

TRANSFORMATIONS. BY ROGER FRY.
(Chatto & Windus.)

"Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair——"
POPE, *The Rape of the Lock*.

We also select for printing :

AN OPEN-AIR PULPIT. BY R. A. KNOX.
(Constable.)

"Sermons in stones."
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*.

(Winifred Simmons, 16, Mortlake Road, Kew, Surrey,
and W. H. Gingell, 8, East Parade, Leeds.)

TRANSFORMATIONS. BY ROGER FRY.
(Chatto & Windus.)

"... Contrived a double debt to pay—a bed by night, a chest
of drawers by day."
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*.

(Anita Lea, 16, Mulgrave Street, Liverpool.)

FOOTSTEPS IN THE NIGHT. BY C. FRASER-SIMSON.
(Methuen.)

"The young men shouted with the band
And pranced their partners across the floor."
J. B. PRIESTLEY, *At a Night Club*.

(Mary Brittain, 85, West End Avenue, Harrogate.)

A GOOD MAN. BY GEORGE F. HUMMEL.

(Geoffrey Bles.)

(1) "He goes on Sunday to the church."

LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith*.

(I. Vere Russell, 22, Glenorchy Terrace, Edinburgh.)

(2) "'Tipping the wink' to him was heathen Greek."

KEATS, *Stanzas on Charles A. Brown*.

(Sidney S. Wright, Redcot, Mayfield Road, Bickley, Kent.)

AN OLD MAN'S FOLLY. BY FLOYD DELL.

(Cassells.)

"You incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland*.

(Margaret Coleman, 47, William Street, Taunton; and
M. J. Keogh, The Mount, Corby, Grantham.)

ETIQUETTE. BY MRS. MASSEY LYON.

(Cassells.)

"They couldn't chat together, they had not been introduced."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads*.

(H. Dalton Vasey, 154, Belgrave Road, Wanstead, E.11.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best short quotation from English literature applicable to an attack of Influenza is awarded to Miss H. Marley, Loreto College, Llandudno, North Wales, for the following:

AN ATTACK OF INFLUENZA.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it has much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you.

Julius Cæsar, Act II, Sc.I.

We also select for special commendation the replies by Amy Elsa Terry (Plumstead), Alice M. Hillier (Bromley), C. N. Sherwood (Birmingham), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Annalice Robinson (Southampton), Agnes Forrester (Edgbaston), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), A. P. Pearson (Halifax), L. Bruce (Ashford), Glyn Cyril Davies (Swansea), Ruth Burnaby (London, S.W.), Jemmy Pollock (Londonderry), A. M. Simcock (Manchester), Lady Alexandra Paget (London, W.), I. Vere Russell (Edinburgh), M. Kinchington (Reading), Mrs. E. B. Nicholls (Great Crosby), E. F. Christie (Hampstead), D. Parsons (Ware), A. Scholes (Manchester), W. Harrison (Glasgow), A. C. Marshall (Corstorphine), J. N. Banister (Leyland), Daphne Scorer (London, W.C.), E. Sweatman (Caversham).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred word review is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

FANNY BURNEY AND THE BURNEYS.

Edited by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. (Stanley Paul.)

This collection of Burney Papers adds considerably to one's acquaintance with an interesting and talented family. Fanny's letters and journal from France seem a little prim, a little more consciously composed in style, than those we already have. Her sister Susan's letters, unshadowed by a literary reputation, reveal a pleasant picture of her simple, affectionate nature and contain

many touches that make her adored children, and the family life of the day, live for the reader. Amongst the miscellaneous papers is a "lecture" on whist, appropriately enough by James Burney, the husband of Lamb's redoubtable Mrs. Battle.

We also select for printing:

SKIN-DEEP. BY NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH.

(Constable.)

A brilliant study in vanity. The sub-title is "Portrait of Lucinda," and the portrait is life-like to the point of cruelty. Lucinda, Duchess of Merioneth, famed for her beauty, cannot bear to contemplate that beauty's passing. The artifices to which she resorts fill with horror readers who are not personally familiar with the details of the beauty-doctor's procedure, while at the same time they can but pity the woman whose beauty was but skin-deep. Poor Lucinda, who knew nothing of any other loveliness! An unusual idea, carried out in excellent style.

(Kathleen Lee, 139, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, E.7.)

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT.

BY OSBERT SITWELL. (Duckworth.)

A book that must be read, although it is an irritating and futile book. Mr. Sitwell brings his talent, which is not quite genius, to bear on the most meaningless people imaginable, the flotsam and jetsam population of a northern seaside town—old ladies, mischievous, garrulous, bibulous, companions paid and unpaid. He plays the light of his subtle irony on their foibles and meannesses, works a tortuous way into their unintelligences, throws in for good measure a few angry sneers at the established order of things—and all with a careful, judicious artistry that compels you to read a tedious story about tiresome people.

(D. N. P. Mackie, 24, Colville Square, London, W.11.)

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD.

(Heinemann.)

Here we have an orderly collection of nearly two hundred famous short stories to suit all tastes. The volume will be a good friend to many an owner who will dip into it here and there with delight. For the student of the short story it offers many attractions and, if one reads it through in the order in which the stories have been arranged, one may gain a good idea of the development of the art of short story writing. Here is a volume, remarkably good value, that should be bought not borrowed. And the owner should take care not to lend it, either, for such friends should not be lightly allowed to drift away.

(Marcella Whitaker, Brandsby, York.)

We also highly commend the reviews by E. B. Durrant (Hampstead), H. C. Dent (Hove), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Norwich), A. B. Longbottom (Alvaston), W. Vernon Noble (Halifax), Daisy Dunlop (Cornhill-on-Tweed), James P. Higgins (Birstall), A. J. Labern (Islington), W. H. Edge (Stockport), Colonel J. A. Townshend (Bexhill-on-Sea), Charlotte Hoskins (Woking), W. Papel Hamsher (Coventry), Marjorie Westly (Southsea), Alice M. Hillier (Bromley), Ruby Burnaby (London, S.W.), A. M. Gibbins (Oxted), Lady Alexandra Paget (London, W.), Sybil Dean (Wellington), James A. Richards (Tenby), W. L. Dudley (Halifax), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Esther Samms (Luton), I. K. C. Steele (Glasgow), E. Smith (Edinburgh), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mrs. Flora McPhail, West Manse, Wooler, Northumberland.



From a drawing by H. M. G. Wilson.

whose new novel, "Morris in the Dance," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Ernest Raymond,

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.



Photo by Lafayette.

Mr. Thomas Burke,

whose new novel, "The Sun in Splendour," Messrs. Constable are publishing.

When a critic becomes pontifical or intolerant it is not safe to take him seriously, but he may still be read for amusement. No man's literary judgments are worth much unless he has, among other things, a knowledge as wide as it is deep of men and books, a reasonable consciousness of his limitations, a largeness and delicacy of perception which enables him to recognise a great book and what is good in books that are not great, and a sense of humour to keep him from going off his balance. Lamb had these qualities; and, to say nothing of the living, Professor Walter Raleigh had them. You will know that he had three of them if you have read his "Milton," "Wordsworth," "Style," and his "Shakespeare" in the English Men of Letters series (to my thinking the best book on Shakespeare that has yet been written), and that he had all four if you read his little essay on "Chaucer," his notes on nineteenth century critics and authors, and a whimsical, wise "Note on Criticism" in his posthumous volume "On Writing and Writers" (6s.; Edward Arnold). "I am very easily dissatisfied," he says in that note, "with censorious judgments on bad poetry," and he reproves the critic who had described a certain poem by Mrs. Hemans as such. The poem is of an Alpine sunset and, having quoted part of it, he adds, "I catch the mood from these verses, and I see the picture. It is not great poetry, but why should we call it Bad? It does its humble job." This is the right critical spirit. Instead of breaking butterflies on a wheel, he takes a sound, common-sense view and judges them for what they are. I remember his regretting somewhere that some critics are too apt to condemn a poem as bad simply because they do not understand it. That, I think, is true.

I am not sure that it is not true in the case of Mr. H. L. Mencken. He has started out as an iconoclast, so has to keep on finding things he can knock down at all costs. The essays included in his "Selected Prejudices" (3s. 6d.; Jonathan Cape. Travellers' Library) are brilliantly unorthodox and immensely entertaining; he has the courage of his opinions, and some of them (as when, in a "Footnote on Criticism," he touches on the nonsense that is written about "constructive criticism") are sound as well as amusing, but when he discusses "The Poet and his Art," you conclude that he is either out of his depth or writing with his tongue in his cheek. He dismisses poetry in the lump as "balderdash," "silly," and allows it no virtue apart from its music. He points out that poetry is written by primitive people before they can write prose; that children write it; the best of it is written by young men; that it is all untruthful; that a poet past thirty-five seems "unnatural and even a trifle obscene"; and that "prose is a sterner and more mature affair"; no great prose is written by young men, and that the greatest prose, in the Authorised Version of the Bible, was done by men whose average age was beyond sixty. The argument is that all poetry is false but that you get truth in prose; yet he makes it clear that he is no believer in the Bible. He could have been more consistent by adhering to the fact that most of the Bible is not great prose but great poetry, though even then, it was written by men of sixty. Moreover, Chaucer and Milton were nearing that age before they wrote "The Canterbury Tales" and "Paradise Lost," and there have been other very mature poets. These are the little troubles that always gather about the uncompromising iconoclast. Then, when he comes to offer examples of the untruth and "beautiful balderdash" that is in poetry he produces, as his first, Browning's

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world"

(he twice misquotes this in the book, but that does not matter). He calls it a denial of "objective facts," so he evidently interprets it, in the dreadfully conventional way, as a literal statement of Browning's philosophy. The two lines are of course from the song Pippa sings as she passes through the exhilarating splendour of a spring morning and are not intended as a statement of fact but as a rapturous expression of the perfect happiness of her mood at the moment. When the weather is glorious and you have no care and everything is going well with you it is very easy to have that feeling and to fancy that God's in his

heaven and all must be as right with the rest of the world as it is with you. Most of us have had it occasionally, and Browning's lines express that feeling vividly and quite truthfully. They were not meant to do more, and to take them as an article of his faith is ridiculous. Mr. Mencken should re-read "Pippa" and try again. He is still young (though he is not writing poetry) and when he outgrows his iconoclastic mood and settles down to business he will probably alter his mind about many things.

Without disturbing antiquity, one might refute Mr. Mencken's doctrines from the latest of Mr. Thomas Moulton's annual anthologies, "The Best Poems of 1926" (6s.; Jonathan Cape). There is truth as well as beauty and poignance of feeling in Wilfrid Gibson's realistic, reminiscent "Gray's Inn"; in Frank O'Connor's "Alone in the Big Town She Dreams"; in John V. A. Weaver's "Soliloquy"; in George H. Dillon's "Boy in the Wind"; in Alfred Noyes's "Journey's End"; in Katharine Tynan's "The Old Country"; in Edward Davison's "Any Boy to His First Love"; in Sylvia Lynd's "Cowper in Bedfordshire"; and Aldous Huxley's "Arabia Infelix," to say nothing of the truth and beauty in the poems of "A. E.," W. H. Davies, and others. If children can do it and it is so easily done, I would like Mr. Mencken to sit down and, as an object lesson, write us a poem as good as any one of those I have named. I am not saying that the whole book belies his extravagant censures; it would be a miraculous



Mr. Bruce Graeme,

author of "The Trail of the White Knight" (Harrap).

book if it did; but there is enough and more than enough in it that does. That Mr. Moulton could gather such a rich harvest of verse from the periodicals published during a single year is a tribute alike to his own good judgment and to the general quality and value of modern poetry.

There will be a very wide welcome this spring for "The Speeches of the Prince of Wales," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have in preparation. This volume is to include a selection from the addresses which, since the beginning of his public career, the Prince has given at home and overseas.

"Dawn of Desire," a new novel by Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon, will be published in April by the Diamond Press. It is a tale of Tahiti, but not at all, I understand, on the now traditional lines of South Seas romance.

Messrs. Putnam are publishing shortly "Pheasant Jungles," by William Beebe, telling of a hunt for rare pheasants which led him into strange places and proved as entertaining as his Sargasso Sea explorations. They are also issuing a new and cheaper edition of Miss Flora Klickmann's charming novel, "The Carillon of Scarpa."

There have been more books written about London, and fewer poor ones, than about most subjects, and I have just been reading two—one concerned with old London, and one with London very much up to date—and have been greatly interested by both. Miss Gertrude Burford Rawlings takes you, in "Old London" (10s. 6d.; Geoffrey Bles) on a ramble from Old London Bridge by a round-about route to Westminster and is an



Mr. John Austin.

Drawn by himself. Kindly lent by Messrs. John Lane.

Mr. Austin illustrated the edition of "Don Juan" published by The Bodley Head and recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

informing and entertaining guide all the way there. From legends of prehistoric London, stories of Roman and Saxon London, she passes to a full record of London Bridge and the Tower, from accounts of the old walled city, of famous churches, houses, streets, of the Plague, the Great Fire, with an excellent chapter on the Temple, the Strand and its environs, to the final chapter on Whitehall, the Abbey, and all the romance of Westminster. A modest preface warns you that there can be nothing new to say about London, but Miss Rawlings has found much to tell that will be new to many of her readers; she tells it attractively and makes her book the more attractive by illustrating it with over fifty old prints.

Except for some quaint extracts from an old diary to show you that the pursuit of pleasure is no new thing, Mr. Horace Wyndham has little to do with the past; his "Nights in London" (15s.; John Lane) are about last night and to-night and the night that will come again to-morrow. He says at the outset that "nowadays the pursuit of pleasure is a whole-time job, and, as such, is regarded very seriously." He may have regarded it seriously while he was collecting his facts, but he writes of it with an airy, genially satirical humour that makes lively reading, and the life and spirit of his chronicle are delightfully interpreted by the illustrations, in colour and black-and-white, of Dorothy St. John George. He gossips at large of the night-side of London as it is spent in theatres, cinemas, music-halls, in cabarets, and places where they dance; he chats airily of dinners and diners, clubs of all sorts, of *salons* and circles—he even seems to have attended lectures at the Bookman Circle and says he likes them—he has been everywhere and seen everything that goes on in town after the day's business is done and his comments on it all are by turns shrewd, flippant, caustic, witty, occasionally rather devastating, pointed with humorous anecdotes and personal reminiscences of people and things, so that you widen your knowledge of modern London and are kept interested and amused all the while.

Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie, who contributes to this Number the article on Sir Isaac Newton, has completed a new book on "Light and Life," dealing with light in all its various aspects, and it is to be

published shortly by Messrs. Williams & Norgate in their Home University Library.

Readers of "The Amber Merchant," "The Pearl Stringer," and other of Miss Peggy Webling's books, know that her knowledge of London is both intimate and extensive, and though her new novel, "Anna Maria," opens in Sussex it soon arrives in the familiar streets and becomes the story of a London girl's life and loves. "Anna Maria" will be published this spring by Messrs. Hutchinson.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

whose "Midsummer Music" (Hurst & Blackett) was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

Mr. Stephen Graham,

Robert Owen's "New View of Society and Other Writings," Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," with a characteristic introduction by G. K. Chesterton, and "Holinshed's Chronicle as Used in Shakespeare's Plays," introduced by Professor Allardyce Nicoll; Milton's "Areopagitica and Other Prose Works," and Smollett's "Roderick Random"; there are admirable introductions by Mr. George Saintsbury to Sterne's "Tristram Shandy"; by Mr. George Sampson to Trench's "On the Study of Words"; and by Mr. Ernest Rhys to "The Prelude to Poetry," which includes what has been written by English poets of their own art, from Chaucer to Dr. Bridges. Blake's dark and difficult "Prophetic Poems" will never be much read, but they are indispensable to the student, and most of them are included in "The Poems and Prophecies of William Blake," with an introduction in which Mr. Max Plowman makes a brilliant contribution toward an understanding of them. Not one of the new twenty but will be a welcome addition to everybody's library.

There is a great deal of interesting and sometimes quaintly or grimly amusing lore in Mr. Bertram S. Puckle's "Funeral Customs: Their Origin and Development" (16s.; Werner Laurie). Mr. Puckle

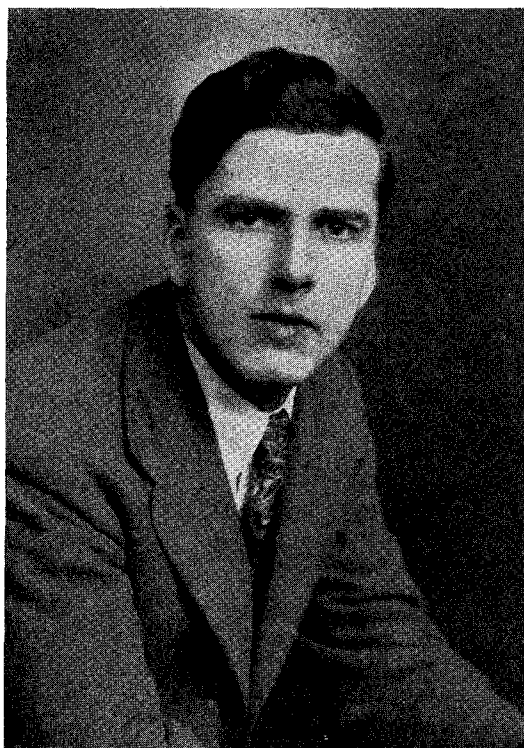
has done his work very thoroughly and, beginning in remote ages, rather suggests that the undertaker learned his trade from that grisly insect the "sexton" beetle. No branch of the subject seems to have been omitted from his survey. He tells all about Death Warnings and Wakes, about such happily obsolete institutions as Mutes and Wailers, about early burial places, funeral feasts, sin-eating, totemism, suttee, bell-ringing, mourning, body-snatching, state funerals, embalming, cremation; tracing rites and ceremonies to their origins and recording their developments. The numerous illustrations add very considerably to the interest of this exhaustive, queerly fascinating history.

Under his portrait in our last Number Mr. Louis Bromfield was described as "Mr. Paul Bromfield." My apologies are due to the author of "Early Autumn," whose name is so well known that I cannot think how this error escaped me.

Last month's volumes in Messrs. Ernest Benn's charming "Essex" thin-paper edition of the works of H. G. Wells (3s. 6d. each) were "The Plattner Story and Others," "The Time Machine and Others," "Tales of Space and Time," and "Ann Veronica." The "Essex" edition is clearly printed, attractive in appearance and has the additional virtue of being in a very handy size for the pocket.

To his anthologies of "100 Best and 100 Second Best Poems" Mr. C. Lewis Hind is adding "100 Best Books." This, which Messrs. Philpot are publishing, forms an introduction to the best literature, in selections from a hundred books with brief biographies of their authors.

Mr. Silas K. Hocking's new novel, "Miss Ann's



Mr. C. Henry Warren,

whose personal experiences in Canada, "Wild Goose Chase," Messrs. Faber & Gwyer will publish this month.

Lodgers," will be published on the 15th by Messrs. Sampson Low.

Bookman Gallery articles on Humbert Wolfe and on Adelaide Eden Phillpotts (whose remarkable new novel, "Tomek the Sculptor" has just been published by Mr. Thornton Butterworth) will be among the contents of our April Double Number.

BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

François Delsarte (1811-1871), who was a great teacher of the art of speech and gesture and numbered many of the famous actors, operatic singers and orators of his day among his pupils, wrote no book on this subject, but gave many notes and charts to those who attended his classes, and on these Miss Rose Meller O'Neill has

based a full and careful study of "The Science and Art of Speech and Gesture" (7s. 6d.; Daniel). It is illustrated with charts, diagrams and a series of photographic studies in facial expression, and actors, singers and any engaged in public speaking should find it suggestive and useful to them in the development of their gifts.

"Neighbours," by Claude Houghton (7s. 6d.; Holden), is an extraordinary psychological study which may not be

to everybody's taste, but for those interested in the workings of the abnormal mind it will have a strong attraction. It is well written, as one would expect from the author of that finely imaginative drama, "Judas Iscariot," and with strong dramatic power. Those not repelled by its study of the distortions of an unbalanced brain will find philosophy, wisdom and touches of real brilliance in Mr. Houghton's clever and unusual book.

Mother Eve set a dangerous precedent to her daughters when she rifled the Tree of Knowledge, for, according to Mr. Netley Lucas's "Crook Janes" (3s. 6d.; Stanley Paul), thousands of these have followed her example in annexing the property of others. In all lands, in all cities, in the overworld of respectability, in the underworld of rascality, their activities are amazing.



Miss E. Almaz Stout,

whose novel, "The Door in the Wall," Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing.

This book—alas, too truthful!—is a painful record of misused brains, misused beauty, misused opportunities, which if applied rightly would raise the standard of civilisation to a higher degree everywhere. Woman has an enormous power of influencing men for good or bad, and here we find that an immense number prefer to use the

latter influence. Nevertheless, since “there lives some soul of good in all things evil,” Mr. Lucas reveals that even in the most vicious there are decent qualities of motherhood, loyalty, charity and unexpected streaks of genuine unselfishness. A book that will be read with interest.

THE BOOKMAN LITERARY CIRCLE.

LONDON.

Sion College, Wednesday, February 2nd.—Mr. J. B. Priestley took the Chair for Mr. Robert Lynd, whose subject was “Dr. Johnson and Women.” Mr. Lynd said that of course our great source of information about Dr. Johnson was Boswell, but that we must be careful of accepting criticism of Johnson’s friends from Boswell, particularly when the “female friends” were concerned. It might be thought that Mrs. Thrale had treated Johnson badly in the matter of her marriage with Piozzi, but there was more to be said from her point of view than appeared on the surface. Dr. Johnson was perhaps pre-eminently a man’s man, he was a great clubman, and the club and the tavern have always been regarded by women as rivals of the domestic hearth. It was surprising what a number of women had strong influence on Johnson, and he was by no means insensitive to the sex, though doubtless he would not have been a strong advocate of the suffrage question. To name those who came to memory first, there were his mother, his wife, Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney, Mrs. Williams, Miss Seward, Kitty Clive and Hannah More, and to realise how much of Johnson’s life lay beyond Boswell’s personal knowledge a point to recollect was that Mrs. Johnson died eleven years before he knew Johnson. Mr. Lynd gave a brilliant survey of the women whom Johnson had known and their influence upon him, and a very lively and interesting discussion followed, in which Mrs. Rowell, Mr. G. B. Burgin, Mrs. C. A. Nicholson, Mr. Wildey Knight, Mr. Henry Baerlein, Mr. Richard Hine and others took part.

Sion College, Wednesday, February 16th.—Mr. Fred A. Turner, F.R.Hist.S., took the Chair for Dr. Hubert Norman, who spoke on “The Lunatic in Literature.” He mentioned the many writers who have dealt with asylums and lunatics; the horror and tragedy of the subject had appealed to their imagination. He gave great praise to Charlotte Brontë, who in “Jane Eyre” had described the insanity of Mrs. Rochester with remarkable truth to the symptoms as he knew them from his lifelong experience in dealing with mental diseases. William Gilbert had written several very readable novels on the subject, as also had William Meston, Charles Maturin, G. P. R. James and Charles Reade. William Gilbert was the father of W. S. Gilbert and the early success of his son, strange to say, had spurred the father to literature, and in “Shirley Hall Asylum” we had some of the best descriptions of monomania that had been written. Charles Maturin’s “Melmoth the Wanderer” should not be omitted, and Henry Cockton, in “Valentine Vox,” had dealt with the subject. Whatever had happened in the past, and novelists were not always to be trusted when seeking sensational incidents, Dr. Norman wished to dispose of the idea that it had ever been easy to incarcerate sane people in madhouses, and in his own time it was impossible. Dr. Norman thought it a pity that a writer of the ability of Mr. H. G. Wells should lend himself to the fostering of ideas that had long been exploded, as he had done in “Christina Alberta’s Father.” The Report of the Royal Commission should be read, and many popular fallacies would fall to the ground.

In the interesting discussion that followed, the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon, Mr. Kennedy Williamson, Mrs. de Crespigny, Mr. Stanley Murrell, Mr. G. B. Burgin, Mr. Wildey Knight and Mr. Peter Struthers

took part, and Dr. Norman briefly replied to several of the points that had been named.

March 2nd.—Annual Dinner.—Guest: Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. Chairman: Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

March 16th.—Miss Radclyffe Hall: “True Realism in Fiction.” Chairman: Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon.

All applications should be made to the Secretary, Mrs. Sophie Hine, 3, Holly Terrace, West Hill, Highgate, N.6.

MANCHESTER.

Rev. J. Bardsley Brash gave a very interesting lecture on “Don Quixote” to the Manchester Bookman Circle on January 25th. The chairman was Professor J. A. Findlay. Mr. Brash described “Don Quixote” as the story of an idealist and a realist. We learned from it many things, not the least of which was that an idealist never turns back. He may suffer rebuffs, disappointments and disillusionment, but still presses towards the ideal. Don Quixote was the idealist, Sancho Panza the stern realist, almost a materialist. Mr. Brash quoted many bons mots of Don Quixote and a few wise sayings of Sancho Panza, which probably came to that worthy from his association with his master, showing the effect an idealist has on a realist. There was a discussion afterwards, in which several members joined.

Mr. W. Riley, author of “WindyrIDGE,” addressed the members of the Bookman Circle on February 8th, taking as his subject, “Literary Associations of Yorkshire.” Mr. Douglas Miller, Head Master of the Manchester Grammar School, was in the Chair. Covering the fields of Yorkshire literary associations, Mr. Riley told of many famous men of letters, from Cædmon, the famous cleric of Whitby, to authors of the present day. He said that Cædmon was not only the first Yorkshire man of letters, but also had the distinction of writing the first piece of English literature. He passed from Roger Ascham and Ralph Thoresby to that strange genius, Laurence Sterne, who led such a varied life as a country vicar in the picturesque village of Coxwold, and as man-about-town in London. Mr. Riley said Laurence Sterne stood alone among English humorists. Two contrasting aspects of Yorkshire were shown by Sir Walter Scott, who wrote about the neighbourhood of the old-world town of Richmond in “Rokeby Manor,” and by Dickens, who exposed the terrible conditions under which some private schools were conducted in that lovely district in “Nicholas Nickleby.”

March 8th.—Mr. Ernest Raymond: “The Craft of the Novelist.” Chairman: Miss Madeline Linford.

March 22nd.—Mr. T. W. Mercer: “Chesterton.” Chairman: Mr. W. P. Watkin.

All applications should be made to the Secretary, Mr. J. H. Wharmby, Box 510, G.P.O., Manchester. For non-members admission is by ticket only.

HASTINGS.

On Wednesday, January 26th, Major A. J. Dawson gave a talk on “Queer Characters.” He explained that at first he had intended to give a lecture on queer characters from fiction, but on consideration decided to

tell us flesh and blood characters were queerer far than those to be found in books. He said he was doing this because he wished to expose the tendency of book reviewers and readers to decry the plausibility of novelists' characters when they appeared out of the ordinary, and to prove that characters to be found in our everyday lives are more strange, more complex than the queerest of fiction's creations. Major Dawson proved his point conclusively. He read from the records of a Scotland Yard plain clothes man which had come into his possession, of cases in and around London of strange characters acting on the border lines of crime. He told of misers and street vagabonds, jobbing gardeners and retired civil servants; a thrilling story of men queer in outlook and behaviour, queer in mind and body. Major Dawson's lecture was engrossingly interesting. We shall not forget his queer characters, or his own kindly personality.

On Wednesday, February 9th, Mr. Michael Sadleir addressed the Circle on "Anthony Trollope." The lecturer stated that he was not going to speak of Trollope's life but rather of his type of mind, his significance as a model or a warning to the modern novelist. Mr. Sadleir said that most people nowadays would admire Trollope



Photo by
Russell.

Mrs. Adrian Heard,

whose new novel, "Rose in the Mouth,"
Messrs. Ward, Lock are publishing.

for his outspoken courage and nobility and would forgive his occasional lapses for the sake of this sturdiness. Others, he maintained, could not get beyond the idea that Trollope was second rate because he was always practical, always prosaic, rather than poetical or idealistic. Mr. Sadleir explained that Trollope's outlook on life in general was the typical mid-Victorian's. He set no standard for society but a very high one for the individual. Trollope was not a reformer. He wrote a story of life as he saw it and just as it was. The lecture ended with a comparison between the Basset novels and the Forstye Saga, showing that Galsworthy in his eagerness to expose the evils of the Victorian ideal of

property loaded the dice against his characters, while Trollope was utterly impartial.

The meeting was then opened for discussion when Mr. Frankfort Moore gave an appreciation of Trollope's work and thanked Mr. Sadleir for his lecture. There was an excellent attendance; the Circle is growing steadily.

March 9th.—Mr. Frank Rutter: "Reading and Art."

All applications should be made to the Secretary, Mr. Kenneth V. Saville, the Hastings Bookshop, 16, Robertson Street, Hastings.

New Books.

THE ARTIST IMPECCABLE.*

In a volume of alleged "memoirs" which became notorious during the autumn and, having been withdrawn from circulation, must now be classified among the books that are no books, the author recounted what he claimed were genuine specimens of the utterance in everyday life of Henry James. In a restaurant he was heard to say to the waiter: "Bring me . . . fetch me . . . carry me . . . supply me . . . in other words (I hope you are following me) serve me with a cooked . . . scorched . . . grilled, I should say—a large . . . considerable . . . not too lean . . . medium to fatty . . . chop."

We are not particularly amused by what is but a feeble and grotesque caricature, and the extract is worth making only because it indicates what is the attitude of half educated readers towards one of the impeccable artists in modern prose. To them he was merely a writer of such verbosity that all other ingredients which go to make a novel are hopelessly buried beneath a welter of words. And having had his day just before the tendency in contemporary existence was towards brevity in expression, even baldness, he inevitably suffered an eclipse which began to overtake him even while he was still working, and which, now that he is no longer among us and is happily spared the pain of it, appears to be complete.

The attitude is fundamentally a mistaken one, although in the later part of his life James did much to foster it, as his admirers and even his devotees will probably allow. And the student of his work who is loyal enough and earnest enough to undertake the labour of rehabilitating his better self and revealing to the world what a delightful artist James really was and how amply the effort of reading him is repaid, deserves the plaudits of everyone who is concerned for the welfare of art as distinct from dialectics, polemics, propaganda, and the rest of its modern accompaniments—the art, that is, which Oscar Wilde very properly declared to be useless, meaning the word in the sense of having none except an æsthetic purpose.

* "Henry James, Man and Author." By Pelham Edgar. 12s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

Professor Pelham Edgar is to be reckoned as one such loyal and earnest student. In a handsomely produced volume that follows worthily on Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's monograph, he presents Henry James in the best possible—the only justifiable—light, as man as well as artist. One need hardly state that Professor Edgar thinks most highly of this sensitive delineator of the Anglo-American scene, for he would not otherwise have undertaken what is bound to be a thankless task in most respects, apart from that of his own inward satisfaction.

He summarises the stories and novels very skilfully, and at length, without giving any impression that he is a mere populariser of difficult and intricate writings for the aid of the lazy. In addition he has an illuminating chapter on James's letters, prefaces and literary criticism. Here is a veritable feast of enlightenment, a super-lesson for the young craftsman. In one of the quoted letters James once exposed his main fault, that which laid him open to the easily-levelled charge of obscurity, overstatement and intricacy. "This new affair," he said of his latest book, "must be a golden vessel, filled with the purest distillation of the actual." And then:

"Oh, how it worries me, the shaping of the vase, the hammering of the metal. I have to hammer it so fine, so smooth: I don't do more than an hour or two a day. And all the while I have to be so careful not to let a drop of the liquor escape! Ah! polishing one's plate—that's the torment of execution!"

Professor Edgar's treatment of Henry James the man is over-scrupulous, perhaps, rather too much a reaction from this tittle-tattle age. "No writer of our modern day," he writes, "has succeeded better than the subject of this study in sheltering his privacy in life and providing for it after his death. . . . Mindful then of the menacing figure on the threshold, my concern in the pages that follow will not be to re-establish Henry James in his habit as he lived: gossip and anecdote will not be invoked for aid: and such stray wisps of biographical fact as drift into the record will serve only to indicate the conditions under which his work was produced."

THOMAS MOULT.

TRAVELS OF A SCEPTIC.*

Mr. Aldous Huxley calls his book a "diary of a journey," which indeed it literally is, but it is much more than a travel-book, and much less. He covered a good deal of ground, spending much time in India and Malaya, touching on Japan and China and landing, finally, in America. If you are looking for a guide-book, you will find "Jesting Pilate" of little service; it is a book which touches on a multitude of diverse matters and is given a rough-and-ready unity by the chance that the subjects were suggested by places and incidents which came within the author's ken during a journey. "Those who like to feel that they are always right and who attach a high importance to their own opinions should stay at home," Mr. Huxley is provoked to remark in one of the last pages of his journal. His own views underwent many modifications during his travels and some of his prejudices found additional justification. His manner of recording his impressions is provocative and one is never for a moment under the illusion that the journal was compiled for any other goal than publication. He throws off unconventional remarks concerning institutions and places and leaves you to accept or reject them, neither apologising for heresy nor pleading specially. The Taj Mahal, for instance, which we who have not seen it cite as an example of perfection, not only failed to fire his enthusiasm but seemed to irritate him. "Its elegance is at the best of a very dry and negative kind," he says. "Its 'classicism' is the product not of intellectual restraint imposed on an exuberant fancy, but of an actual deficiency of fancy, a poverty of imagination."

It is in this detachment, this refusal to accept the world's judgments however hoarily respectable, that the chief value of Mr. Huxley's book lies. It is not that he is unaware of the world's judgments. On the contrary, a certain impishness sometimes leads him to attack accepted beliefs precisely because they are accepted—or so it would seem. The spirituality of the Indians, for example, is a dogma of the Westerner's belief. "To my mind," declares Mr. Huxley, "'spirituality' (ultimately, I suppose, the product of the climate) is the primal curse of India and the cause of all her misfortunes," and "One is all for religion until one visits a really religious country."

Of natural beauty he evidently saw much to excite his enthusiasm, but human activities seem for the most part to have provoked either pity or contempt. In half a dozen pages he shatters our illusions about Japan, although he admits that his survey was necessarily limited and partial. He draws a depressing picture of Kyoto. "It was like walking ankle-deep in mud through an enormous Woolworth's bazaar. Such a collection of the cheap and shoddy, of the quasi-genuine and imitation-solid, of the vulgar and the tawdry, I have never seen," and much more to like effect. Yokohama is derided with even greater gusto.

But it is for America that he reserves his most mordant and, indeed, damnatory criticism. In the short section devoted to the States the diary-form is almost abandoned. The book takes on a rhapsodical character which, for all its humour and trenchant wit, reveals the author as a serious reformer who is genuinely troubled about the present tendencies of civilisation. His analysis of latter-day materialism is masterly, and if he did not at the same time indicate his belief that it will not always be in the ascendant, one would find it devastating.

"Jesting Pilate," this diary of a sceptic whose beliefs are in the time-honoured "goodness, beauty, wisdom and knowledge," is brilliantly written, and if it fails to provide sign-posts for the benefit of travellers in the Far East and America, it will provide many with directions for rediscovering the state of their own minds. It is a book to read through and mark, and refer to again for occasional mental refreshment. There are twenty-two photographic illustrations.

HERMON OULD.

* "Jesting Pilate." By Aldous Huxley. 16s. (Chatto & Windus.)

ALMOND BLOSSOM.*

The first good thing about this volume is its title, "Almond Blossom," for it is more than merely the name of the introductory poem. Symbolic of all that is fresh and lovely and promising in immaturity, it is a fitting title for a collection of verse and prose written by girls of from five to fifteen. Miss K. M. Johnston, a mistress of Tormead School, Guildford, has made a discovery which will more certainly startle those who are little acquainted with teaching than those who are acquainted with children in the mass. She has discovered that, provided you take them young enough, it is easier to get children to write good verse than to write good essays. The argument in favour of essay writing is that it makes the young observe and express their observation. The argument in favour of verse writing is that it makes them *want* to observe and express their observation. Which is a different thing. That fact is after all not so surprising. Young nations express themselves in verse before they recognise the existence of prose as a literary medium, and it is a truism of psychology that the child's progress epitomises the history of the race. To dance is easier than to walk when spring is in the blood, and to write dancing verse than sedate prose, for easily perceptible rhythm creeps in; and rhythm and the desire for self-expression are synonymous.

I am interested to note that whereas the younger contributors to "Almond Blossom" choose their own verse forms, seniors frequently favour the stricter old French forms. I wonder if Miss Johnston's experience was the same as my own. I found that to get boys of ten and eleven to write verse was easy, but that fifteen-year-olds were another matter. Either because they were self-conscious or because they had been bitten by the What's-the-use-of-it? bug, a utilitarian insect which breeds in examination syllabuses, they fought shy of lyric rapture. The only expedient was to confront them with the difficulties of rondeau, ballade, triolet and villanelle. Solving these problems of metrical carpentry, they forgot poetry and often plunged into it with really splendid headers.

But my surmises do not matter. What does matter is that "Almond Blossom" is a delicious anthology, full of things that are not merely "good, considering." Grown-up readers will find reason for surprise both in what it contains and what it does not. The best of the poems are more than promising. There is little in this poetry written by children which resembles poetry written for children, little (praise be!) that prompts the detestable adjective "quaint" and cause mature sentimentalists to lisp "How sweet!", and not much about fairies. Certainly there is the description of one as good as I hope to see: "Her limbs were soft and delicate like the stalk of a baby flower, and her wings were like a very thin rainbow," and— But no. If I start quoting I am lost, for my copy is full of red marks.

RODNEY BENNETT.

WEAKLINGS AND BARBARIANS.†

There are few things that a man feels more bitterly than being ostracised at his club as a cad—even the cad feels it. This was the plight of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's unhappy hero in "The Case of Bevan Yorke." Bevan was not a bounder but a Quixote. He was a really distinguished person also—a traveller, a writer, a critic and an Egyptologist. The book opens on that chilling scene of Yorke being cut at the club. One feels it almost as a personal tragedy. Yorke was a middle-aged man with a very correct and devoted wife and an uninteresting small family. He had not wanted to marry Cecil, but when he discovered that she was in love with him, he did the knightly

* "Almond Blossom." Edited by K. M. Johnston. 5s. (Sampson Low.)

† "The Case of Bevan Yorke." By W. B. Maxwell. 7s. 6d. (Benn.)—"The Plutocrat." By Booth Tarkington. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"The Secretary of State." By Stephen McKenna. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

and foolish thing. Later the young girl whom he has unwillingly engaged as his assistant displayed a much stronger passion than his wife's. In this case he returned the passion, and succumbed to the barely disguised wooing of Ursula Dibden. Between the wife and the sweetheart Yorke became a doomed victim. There was a grave scandal in which everybody blamed Bevan except a disinterested acquaintance (the narrator of the story). When the trouble had calmed down a bit, Keith would have taken her husband back, but he had no love for her, and was too honest to be conventional. Ursula, who had gone away of her own accord, came back of her own accord, and poor Yorke was more deeply embroiled than ever. She found however she could not endure the anomalous position, and sought fresh interests. Ursula is described as a remarkable artist and a capable novelist. We know that she is nothing but a neurotic girl in search of febrile sensation. Beyond the strong opening of the book, the most interesting portion of it is Ursula's succumbing to the arts of a society mountebank. Lady Frederica Lardner, a smeared female, with a curiously erotic new gospel of chastity for women, is depicted with force and scorn.

There is another unhappy man in Mr. Booth Tarkington's "The Plutocrat," but he is priggish and foolish, and deserves all that happens to him. Laurence Ogle is an undersized dramatist of the new school whose daring high-brow play, "For the Few," has accidentally attracted the many in New York. Laurence is one of those dilettante Americans who imagines that the whole world outside his own small circle is provincial. The real hero of the book is a magnificent vulgarian, Mr. Tinker, who has amassed an immense fortune by shrewdness and luck, and is determined that his wife and daughter shall see Africa and Europe at unlimited expense. Mrs. Tinker and Miss Olivia Tinker are distressed by his manners, but Olivia has the sense to see that her father is a very considerable figure in a world where millionaires are emperors. The one person that superior young Mr. Ogle can admire is the lovely mature Frenchwoman, Madame Momoro, who looks somewhat like the Nike of Samothrace, but more like Artemis. Laurence's adoration however is marred by the butting in of Mr. Tinker, whom the goddess has a perverse liking for, much to the disgust of his exacting wife. It is clever indeed of Mr. Tarkington to delineate Mr. Tinker as an entirely devoted husband and father, in spite of every inducement to be otherwise.

The only really plausible character in Mr. Stephen McKenna's "The Secretary of State" is the gentleman who gives the book its Parliamentary title. Ambrose, Lord Sheridan, is a brutally strong and terribly self-made man, the director of a chain of newspapers and the dictator of a refractory Cabinet with a nebulous Prime Minister at its head and feet. He is sentimental about children, and a champion of under-dogs in the English commonweal. He treats his colleagues disloyally and his women rather disgracefully, but he is a fine fellow compared with the circle around him. Lady Sheridan is a fribble and her devoted lover, Max Hendry, a silly ass, though Mr. McKenna would have us believe Auriol is a great society hostess and Max a builder of empire. Hendry has a terribly irritating habit of dropping his final "g's." There are a number of artificial love scenes between the pair. They talk like this:

" 'Don't you love me?' she asked in bewilderment.

" 'My God, yes,' he groaned."

One prefers the unprincipled and brutal Ambrose, marching through rapine to the dismemberment of Mr. Standish's Cabinet to these novelettish invertebrates.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

GEORGE GISSING.*

It sounds like paradox to say that the author who has an irresistible urge to write, who feels that literature is his vocation, that he simply must write, whatsoever befall,

"Letters of George Gissing." Collected and arranged by Algernon and Ellen Gissing. 18s. (Constable.)

is far more likely to fail than the man who deliberately and after careful consideration takes to writing as a means of livelihood. Yet that is strictly true. And one has only to think of (say) Shakespeare or Dickens or our own most popular moderns to realise that it is true. For the one man writes to please himself, the other to please the public: therein lies the simple solution of this seeming mystery. And perhaps the most typical representative of this unhappy class of gifted failures was George Gissing. Indeed, I doubt if by this time his name would be remembered at all, had he not in the latter part of his life been lucky in his friends who introduced him to influential people and thus made his life a little easier towards the end, though it was even then by no means an easy path.

I would like to put a copy of this book into the hands of every young literary aspirant and tell him or her that the tragedy of this (in some ways) great man is the tragedy of numberless other (in some ways) great men and women still living and struggling and slowly dying in silence and obscurity.

It was my privilege to meet George Gissing once or twice. On these occasions he was always in the highest possible spirits, full of fun and frivolity, although death had already set its seal upon him. And yet there was always something a little hysterical about his gaiety, I thought. But on this head let his sister speak in one of the most touching passages this volume contains:

"... A note of depression was the most strongly marked of all his characteristics. One always felt that his enjoyment and the eagerness which he threw into all that interested him, would be followed, for they always were, by a sinking of spirit. A cloud of depression so often fell upon him. Well I remember, when he was with us for a month or two at a time, busy upon some novel, the sight of his face on his joining us in the evening. If the work had not gone well that day, the dejected look and the deeply-lined forehead gave him almost a haggard appearance. It was impossible to think that he was the same person, who, perhaps only the day before, had been quite boisterous in his merriment, and had given vivid descriptions of some amusing incident he had seen. But in all things he went to extremes; he loved, for instance, to exaggerate up to the point when the laughter of his listeners showed that they were no longer taking him seriously. . . ."

That was perhaps his most disabling defect: his seriousness, a seriousness unbalanced by any sense of proportion, otherwise humour. He took himself as seriously, and wanted to be taken as seriously by others, as his natural

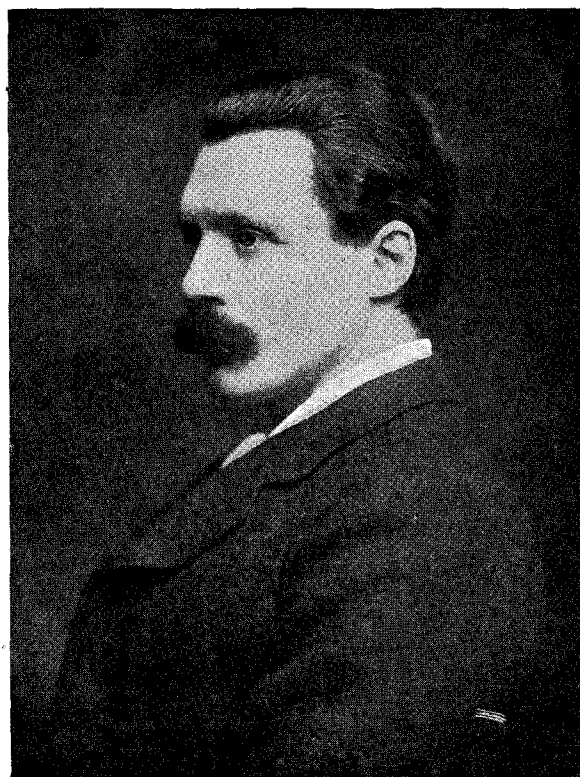


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

George Gissing.

gloom persuaded him he should be taken. He was always at odds with people and things because they were not as he would have them be. He got dreadfully cross over trifles, and where another would express himself lightly and effectively he failed to express himself at all by indulging in hyperbole and giving way to abuse. Thus :

" . . . In the teaching of music a numskull's fumbling about the keys must injure one's sensibilities. Fancy a dunderhead creature strumming out daily one of the *Lieder*, with every other note false. Heavens ! I should be afraid of losing the delicacy of my ear. Curious, when one thinks of it, that this particular one of the Arts should be popularly conceived within the reach of every Philistine, whereas it is recognised as regards the others that they require very special qualifications. It seems to me it would be more excusable to have every child taught drawing, irrespective of natural qualifications, than music ; for though they never become artists yet we know how eye, hand and sentiment *ought* to profit by the practice. But I fail to see what benefit a blockhead derives from five-finger exercises. . . ."

Is there not something about that utterance which sounds somehow shrill, hysterical ? It almost suggests the ravings of the orator of the soap-box in the park. Making all allowance for the privations and hardships and disappointments that Gissing suffered, indeed one might say that in spite of all the privations and hardships and disappointments which Gissing suffered, he never acquired philosophy, which is as the salt that sweetens the bitterest bread, though it be the salt of tears. Alas, when he was only twenty-three he could write, even in those young days, in this strain :

" . . . I must sternly face the fact that only a short time may remain to me in which to develop what intellect I have. 'The night cometh when no man *can* work' is a good sentence to have ever before one's eyes. For, though I look forward to no future world where the negligences of this may be made up for, I do not on that account say, 'let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die.' The immortality of man consists in this reflection—that not a word we utter, not a thought we think, not a battle we win, not a temptation we yield to, but has, and *must* have, influence upon those living in contact with us, and from them, like the circles spreading in a pool, extends to the whole future human race. Therefore is it of vast importance to me whether I set an example of an ignorant and foolish man, or of one bent upon using his faculties to the utmost. . . ."

I have quoted rather more freely than is my habit, first because I lack space to state definitely my views on the psychology of the Gissing type of author—perhaps the commonest type of all, though the least known, and also because I knew the man and liked and respected him so much that to dwell long on the memories evoked by this book is too painful. It is indeed a very terrible book and most poignantly sad. It should nevertheless be read and studied closely, especially by the young, for the sake of the lesson it teaches and the moral which its unconscious self-revelation applies.

EDWIN PUGH.

ANGELS AND MOONSHINE.*

As with wealth, so apparently with happiness : your gain may very easily be somebody else's loss. That is the moral one may pick out of Mr. David Garnett's new novel. Possibly it would annoy Mr. Garnett—or at any rate sting him into a smile—that anyone should dare to look for a moral in his tales. Much less find one ! Yet there it is. Though how it crept in is hard to imagine ; for the author's attitude to the men and women he creates is entirely cerebral.

Anne Dunnock is a simple, rather scared little body, the daughter of an eccentric clergyman, with whom, in an out-of-the-way vicarage in the Fens, she lives. Visiting, making beds and gathering flowers is about the sum-total of her tiny routine ; and, despite several half-hearted attempts, she can find no escape. But there is a grocer in the village whose son, Richard Sotheby, is away in Paris dallying with the art of painting. One day he arrives home ; he meets Anne ; a new vista of life opens

* "Go She Must !" By David Garnett. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Adam in Moonshine." By J. B. Priestley. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

for her ; and—go she must ! But Paris only serves to strip off her tawdry illusions. So she comes home again ; only to find that her father, under the impression that birds are angels, has turned the vicarage into an aviary.

Not much of a tale, maybe ; but it serves Mr. Garnett as a pretext for some exquisite writing. There is a description of Plough Monday, when the village ploughmen come to ask a largess of the clergyman and, being refused, plough up his door-step, that haunts the mind with its beauty. In fact, it would hardly be saying too much to proclaim Mr. Garnett's style as the most exquisite among the work of young English prose-writers. But one asks for something more than style in a novel. If only one could feel that the author had some sympathy with Anne ! One cannot, however. She is without an ounce of naturalness, and talks in an irritatingly literary way. As for the clergyman, he is merely the excuse for a pretty piece of fantasy. Indeed, the flowery thickets of fantasy may be whither Mr. Garnett is tending—for one remembers that it was with "Lady into Fox" that he set out upon his literary career : if so, then the sooner he leaves the highway of the novel and strikes across the meadows, the better. For he cannot draw men and women in whom one can readily believe.

With Mr. Priestley one knows where one is. He asks, not belief, but a willing suspension of belief. And he very nearly gets it. There is plenty of ingenuity in the plot of his fable, plenty of gusto in the men and women he creates, and plenty of fun in the whole affair. Adam is a romantic young fool—but then, who that is sensitive and of Adam's age, isn't ? But even Adam, when he stepped into the train at St. Pancras, could hardly have hoped he would be whirled off into such a medley of moonlight and madness. What with the Canon who couldn't say "How-do ?" without gesticulating as if he were summoning legions, and the faded middle-aged man who scattered false beards all over the carriage, even the journey itself was an incredible dream. But the best was yet to be. What that best was, let the reader discover for himself : it is enough to say that it included a baron with a preposterous nose, three bewitching young ladies, a midnight escape down the drain-pipe from the bedroom of one of them, a mad hunt across torrential moors, and a madder flight in a motor-car when moonlight turned even an opportune ham-sandwich and a bottle of wine into a very sacrament. One doesn't believe a word of it all : one was never meant to. And that is the beauty of the book : it is high-jinks from beginning to end, and high-jinks of a very likeable kind.

Yet there is one criticism that must be made. Possibly Mr. Priestley has already had it pointed out to him so many times that he is tired of hearing it. It must be mentioned for all that ; because it is a serious handicap to our best enjoyment ; and because we look for more books of this nature from his capable pen. "The first novel," says the dust-cover, "by the well known essayist." And therein lies the trouble. There are pages and pages here that might have been cut out of his delightful essays ; beautiful enough, oh yes ; but a most considerable bar to our enjoyment when we are itching to know how Adam is going to escape out of that bedroom in time.

C. HENRY WARREN.

OLD BEDFORD.*

For persons of a certain order of mind, Bedford is almost a more important place than even Stratford-on-Avon, as the town of John Bunyan's imprisonment and the birth-place of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Other great townsmen were John Howard and William Hale White ("Mark Rutherford"), so Bedford has personal associations that appeal to widely different classes. Consider in addition Bedford School, whose students carry to all parts of the world grateful memories of the town and its peaceful

* "Old Bedford." By the Rev. C. F. Farrar, M.A. 21s. (Hockliffe, Bedford ; and Simpkin, Marshall.)

river, and of the townsman who became rich, a Lord Mayor of London, and the school's founder and benefactor, and it may be gathered that there is material in plenty for a town history.

But indeed there is very much more. Mr. Farrar does not claim for Bedford a Roman origin. He is content to think that in Roman days there was here but a convenient ford across the Ouse. The unquestioned history of Bedford begins however very soon after Roman days, for one of the earliest records of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*—in a two-line entry from which J. R. Green by imagination built up a whole chapter of his "Making of England"—starts the story. Then, when King Alfred made his pact with the Danes, Bedford was a fixed point on the boundary between the Danelagh and Wessex, and in the long conflict between Dane and Saxon, Bedford must have had a sorry time. It seems quite possible that, as a result of new readings of certain obscure facts which have not yet settled into their right relation, Bedford and Bedfordshire may be found, in time, to have played a more important rôle in these early days—from the Roman occupation to the Conquest—than has yet been recognised, but Mr. Farrar does not carry us farther in these matters than earlier writers have done, and he leaves where they stand certain disputed matters of this early history.

At all points from the Conquest onward Mr. Farrar is copious and interesting. He is a townsman, member of an old Bedford family, has steeped himself in its records and traditions, and his book is a fascinating collection of innumerable related and unrelated facts and records. His book will perhaps be more appreciated by Bedfordians than by outside students because—although no one has a more detailed knowledge than himself—he often breaks away from dry record into an imaginative treatment of particular episodes. His stories may thus be made more personally interesting, but it is a defect of this treatment that it is not always possible to tell where facts end and invention begins. His fellow-townsmen should be grateful, however, for the patience and industry to which they owe convincing pictures of many incidents in the town's story—such as the building and siege of the castle, the charters given and secured, the quiddities of burgesses and corporation, the municipal and parliamentary fights—and of the town's great personalities, such as Abbot Thurketyl, Falkes de Bréauté, Sir William Harper (Mr. Farrar repudiates the spelling "Harpur"), Bunyan, Howard, Samuel Whitbread and "Mark Rutherford."

The book is finely illustrated—for its illustrations alone it should be welcomed by all Bedfordians—but it has a very inadequate index. It deserves popularity and should public favour carry it to another edition, this defect should be remedied.

A. H. A.

POIGNANT RECORDS.*

The rare gift of presenting historical personalities as a creative whole distinguishes the work of Gertrude Scott Stevenson. In that notable achievement, "The Letters of Madame," she showed us a woman whose spirit blew like a clean wind through the salacities of the French Court. In Ninon de Lenclos the intellectual courtesan stands out, a perturbing contradiction to moralists, as a most lovable figure, and "Charles I in Captivity" is yet another defeat of obvious inference.

The compilation of records too often leads to the sacrifice of imaginative truth for unilluminating facts. An admirable introduction to this volume lucidly defines the purpose of its author. It is her intention neither to blacken nor to whitewash the character of Charles I. "The sphere of history is simply to record the events of the world's progress, and to give a faithful picture of the persons who took part in these events. . . ."

* "Charles I in Captivity." Edited by Gertrude Scott Stevenson. 15s. (Arrowsmith.)



B. Picard, juven.
Ch. Mascart, sculp.

The beheading at Whitehall, showing the correct height of the block and position of the King.

From "Charles I in Captivity," by Gertrude Scott Stevenson (Arrowsmith).

To refrain from comment, to show no bias, inevitably makes the picture more faithful. Yet, in these records, chosen to set forth the end of the shadowed life and tragic death of Charles I, we are compelled to a just and abiding sympathy with the "unfortunate monarch."

His was a loveless childhood. Unwanted by his very parents, Charles, with his dragging leg and impediment of speech, was powerless at the age of four either to walk or talk. He was sent to live with strangers. Still lonely, he grew to manhood and came to the throne full of excellent resolutions—to reduce the expenditure of the Court; to pay off the heavy burden of his father's debts. But, alas! he married Henrietta Maria, whose sole desire was to convert England to Catholicism. Henceforth there is a perpetual struggle between loyalty to his wife and to his people. A grudging Parliament voted him sums too small for the conscientious repayment of debt. He turned for help to Buckingham and Laud, and his downfall began.

Always we see Charles as a man of acknowledged pride, incredulity and stubbornness; always he is fighting for Episcopacy, striving against "rebels," an autocrat, so sure of the Divine Right, that when accused of treachery he laughed. After the sentence, he ceases to laugh. With all his high dignity flown, we see the man, no longer sure of anything but death, pitifully begging to be heard.

KING: Will you hear me a word, Sir?

LORD PRESIDENT: Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.

KING: No, Sir?

LORD PRESIDENT: No, Sir, by your favour, Sir. Guard, withdraw your prisoner.

KING: I may speak after the sentence. By your favour, Sir, Sir, I may speak after the sentence ever, etc. etc.

The panic-stricken entreaties reveal a much more moving personality than that with which he is popularly accredited: Majesty disdaining to plead or even to speak. If the State record of his trial be true, he interrupted perpetually. Yet even such an authority as Trevelyan commends "his wise and dignified silence."

Charles I was an isolated creature, foredoomed from birth, always at a loss to understand his responsibilities, singularly free from blame in a position with which his intellect was quite unable to cope.

These fascinating and poignant records are throughout skilfully annotated, elucidated and arranged by Gertrude Scott Stevenson, to whom lovers of history owe their thanks.

C. A. NICHOLSON.

PHILOSOPHY, ECONOMICS AND POLITICS.*

The problem of scholarship to-day is not so much to devise a method of discovering more wisdom—of which there is enough and to spare to supply the market demand. The trouble is rather to get the mass of people in general to pay attention to the words of wise men, who are almost as thick as blackberries and longing to be preserved. It would seem that the directorate of King's College, London, has found a most helpful solution of this problem. During the last few years it has planned series of lectures on history and political philosophy, each lecture made complete in itself, expounding the deeds and thought of some representative figure of his period. The Mediæval thinkers were drawn in one series; the Renaissance and Reformation political scientists in another; and now we have, in printed form, yet another series of lectures on the political ideas of the great men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

It would appear to be an admirable way of inciting the ordinary citizen to think; which is (owing to the unfortunate fall of man) still more necessary than joy-riding in motor-cars or unending evenings of jazz. If learning wisdom is a penance (as many people hastily imagine), then King's College has discovered a way of making it exceedingly agreeable. For this new book of lectures which Professor Hearnshaw has edited is as delightful as it is learned.

He has begun with a forty-page introduction to the period, which is a brilliant piece of work, that again and again puts an important point into a phrase of which the truth will be remembered by its ironical wit. Thus, concerning the Edict of Nantes, Professor Hearnshaw writes: "It meant that if a citizen changed his religion he had no longer to send for the undertaker but merely for the furniture remover; he had to prepare not for a precipitate journey from this world to the next, but only for a comparatively easy transit from Paris to La Rochelle, or vice versa." Again such a short half-sentence as "Italy, always indifferent to religion" illuminates like a flash a great deal in Italian history which will never be understood if we go on imagining that its peoples ever took the Papal Court at Rome quite seriously. Of course it was clearly impossible to take the tenth century and Renaissance popes seriously, if one lived at their door, but few historians have observed the fact. One is glad to note that Mr. Ogg's brilliant "Europe in the Seventeenth Century" is mentioned in the bibliography.

The lectures are on Bodin, Hooker, Suarez, James I, Grotius, Hobbes, Harrington and Spinoza. They together make a delightful and learned introduction to their period and can be read by many who will not venture into the historical textbook. Professor Allen leads off by convincing us that Jean Bodin was somewhat a confused thinker, which is an important fact. For so much of the subsequent political thought of his successors came from Bodin. So many famous men have been confused and confusing. Again Harrington, one of those indiscreet men who have written Utopias, was of no great importance; but what Miss Levett (who writes of him here) says is very important indeed, and full of wit and wisdom. Writing of Harrington's mechanical Rota she says: "Like proportional representation at the present day Harrington's scheme demanded a considerable initial education, and a peaceable willingness to rest content with inexplicable and unwelcome results." Miss Levett sweeps the "speculative republicans" into the dustbin in one sentence which describes their "touching faith in the efficacy of 'dodges'—if I may so irreverently describe such expedients as ballots, equal electoral divisions, vetoes and referenda."

Mr. Woodward's lecture on Hobbes is a powerful analysis which will save the student wasting too much time over

* "Social and Political Ideas of Some Great Thinkers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)—"The Evolution of Labour, Past, Present and Future." By W. R. Hayward and G. T. Johnson. 5s. (Duckworth.)

that great philosopher; the dissection of the value of force in the State being particularly valuable. Miss Chew's essay on James I is also a virile study, which will clear up a lot of confused thinking on the Stuart period, which is full of fundamental errors in most textbooks. Not many historians are wise enough to see that James's theory of Divine Right was invented, or adopted, to save his people from being terrorised by a small group of religious fanatics who were longing to burn their neighbours, because they were not Presbyterians or Catholics, as the case might be.

The "Evolution of Labour" is a modest book which is written in a simple style that can be understood by an intelligent school child. However one does not hesitate to add that its facts and opinions are so original and profoundly true that they will be even more enlightening to the teacher than the pupil. The two authors have, in short, written a remarkably interesting and useful book. It is a scholarly summary of the evolution of human society from the side of its productive and economic activities, and it has rarely been so well done on such a scale, with so little of the dull repetition and conventionalities of the historical textbook.

The pages on Adam Smith are particularly admirable; for he is treated with a judicial sanity which he rarely receives at the hands of historians. The authors may be a little too hopeful that this machine civilisation of ours can ever be doctored into healthy work; for it may make us as dull and stupid as it has already made the normal American; but they put the case fairly. By the way, a judgment of 1813 is quoted as Lord Mansfield's; it must certainly be of supernatural authority, for that famous judge died in 1793.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

THE MAKING OF MORLEY.*

The recent avatar of Gladstone ought to double the demand for this study of his biographer and friend. Morley has been called his Boswell, but he was rather the *cardinal gris*. There must have been times in their intercourse when the younger man's rationalism grated on the churchmanship of the elder, but the G.O.M. respected Morley's singleness of purpose, his optimism and his scholarship. He never sufficiently acknowledged that Morley was the precursor in regard to Irish policy, but he appreciated his penetration in perceiving that creed as a deeper factor than race, perhaps, in determining Anglo-Irish relations. In his younger days, as we see here, Morley's gift of sympathy failed him when it came to viewing the Irish Catholics of Blackburn as neighbours, but long after he had forsaken religion himself, he denounced his countrymen for treating "the creed of the greater part of Christendom as if it had been the bloody superstition of a tribe of cannibals."

If Mr. Hirst had stooped to the mere picturesque, he might have decorated his pages with many a curious antithesis. The democrat who became a viscount, the Home Rule advocate who denied the Newcastle operatives their eight hours day, the Dublin Chief Secretary who demanded a free hand and then denied it to the man on the spot when the spot was India, the disciple of Mill and sex-equality who ruled his own house with a rod of iron, and the life-long expositor of French ideas who broke with France in her hour of agony—all this makes for tempting juxtaposition when we take up the theme of Morley of Blackburn.

The fact that Morley deprecated length in general and any biography of himself in particular, does not greatly disturb the diligent serenity of Mr. Hirst. The fact that he has taken up two volumes for a period that only fills half a volume in Morley's own "Recollections" rather appals us, when we consider how affairs of state absorbed him later, and, as usual, replaced intimacy with importance. But here again success in the better sense

* "The Early Life and Letters of John Morley." By F. W. Hirst. 2 vols. 28s. (Macmillan.)

exonerates the breach, and if the four or six volumes to come are as engrossing as these, Mr. Hirst can snap his fingers at the critics with impunity.

Two or three statements here jar upon our sense of accuracy, and make us wonder where Mr. Hirst drew his authority. He seems to set down the Morley marriage as occurring in 1870, but this was surely more of a domestic alliance than a ceremony registered at law. His girlish picture of Rose Ayling when Morley met her in his Oxford days seems to disguise the fact that she already had two children, who are still alive. Most of us who knew Lord and Lady Morley regarded the union as unlegalised until the time, late in life, when he sought the House of Lords, and as even then a matter of reluctance, eventually overcome by the persuasion of old and disinterested friends. In the other case Mr. Hirst appears to give the *Pall Mall Gazette* and its first editor a Liberal character, when Greenwood's plan of it as propounded to Mr. George Smith was that of reviving the old *Anti-Jacobin*, and even of reviving the name. When, as actually happened, the two men drifted apart in politics, was it not rather that Smith had become a great shipper and importer, and had embraced the doctrine of Free Trade? It may be, as Mr. Hirst says, that the first overtures to Morley to take over the editorship in the early eighties came from Mr. Yates Thompson, but it was certainly Smith who made the arrangements, and the story of his most dramatic interview with Morley only a day and a half before the change-over would have made one of the best pages in this book. But these are minor blemishes after all in a pair of volumes that are packed with interest. They tell well and clearly the first half of a career high-minded in itself, and illuminated by the friendships of many men who were the salt of their generation.

J. P. COLLINS.

BASIL NETHERBY.*

"My own belief—I will speak frankly—is that God is slowly and patiently making a conquest of the world in which there exists—how originated I cannot even guess—a strong element of something atrocious and horrible, which defies Him, and seizes every opportunity of undoing His work." These words, uttered by the outstanding figure in "The Uttermost Farthing," the second and longer of the two stories contained in this book, sum up pretty concisely the range of both of them. It is the quest of this defiant something atrocious and horrible which is followed up in both under slightly varying circumstances. In each case an evil-haunted house is rented by a man who absorbs and fights against its gruesome atmosphere. He claims the assistance of a friend, and the local clergyman also proves a real asset in the unravelling of the bonds with which the place seems bound. Perhaps their similarity in plot will detract from some readers' enjoyment; two contrasting stories would surely have been better in the one volume. At the same time, considerable skill is required in evolving two such distinct and absorbing stories out of the same groundwork.

In "Basil Netherby" the victim is a musician, an organist. His work of writing serious music, by means of the evil spell of the place, was turned into writing profane and sensual music. His whole manner too varied from vigorous and robust to that of an infinitely tired and haggard man, according to the influence which possessed him. It is a weird enough story which results in the exorcism and Basil Netherby's death, but undoubtedly Mr. Benson has scored a greater success in "The Uttermost Farthing." Many reminders of the Diary keep cropping up, many little delicate touches of description creep in here and there, but the reader is steadily drawn in to the vortex and absorbed in the disintegrating of the sinister power with which Hugh Faulkner and his manservant Harry McGee had apparently been possessed. The culmination is reached when Bendyshe, the present tenant, at last secures the record of their nefarious experiments and,

* "Basil Netherby." By A. C. Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

by the advice of his confederates, though much against his will, destroys it. In this case, unlike the first, the exorcism is obtained without the death of any of the investigators and a more comfortable atmosphere is created. Both stories have a generous measure of the hair-raising element, but by reason of their sheer craftsmanship and delicacy of handling, the reader is carried along and almost convinced in spite of himself.

L. O.

THE SECRET OF THE WILD.*

In this "Unusual Account of Wild Life in England," to quote the sub-title, Mr. Calvert has written a book of great originality and charm. He has the combined gifts of naturalist, novelist and essayist. The dedication to his father suggests that the work is in large measure auto-

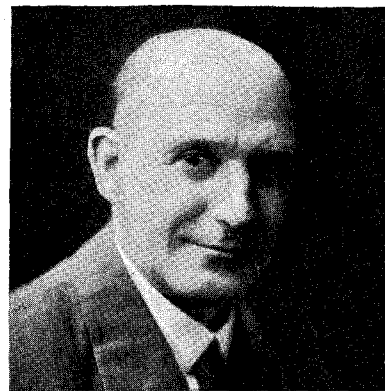


Photo by
E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. W. R. Calvert.

biographical, though doubtless an element of fiction has been introduced. The volume gives us a vivid and detailed account of wild life in a mountainous part of England, which we are probably right in identifying as a corner of Lakeland. But the author's extraordinarily sensitive observations of animal and bird life are described

against a human background. There is indeed a Wordsworthian atmosphere in these pages, and we might almost call the volume a prose "Excursion."

Mr. Calvert brings us into intimate contact with wild Nature as seen through the eyes of a child growing stage by stage to maturity. The book opens with a portrait of old Isaac Pharaoh, the mole-catcher, who, having in his youth been disappointed in love, has lived for many years a solitary:

"Isaac Pharaoh had become a man apart, and the younger generation that knew not at all, or perhaps only imperfectly, the tragedy of his youthful day-dreams, passed him by as a man of unpleasant disposition and one to be avoided. He worked alone, and many were the rumours of his hoarded wealth. But none dare question him, nor had any human being crossed the threshold of his cottage, a pretty little thatched building standing in a clump of trees at the foot of the hill just below the outlet of the lake. He had prepared the place for his bride, but since she had refused to enter, none other had been permitted to do so. His garden was large enough to provide him with every vegetable he needed, and the keepers stated that the game of the home plantations and the fish from both lake and river supplied him the year round with all his meat."

One night, however, as Isaac is about his business of mole-catching he finds an abandoned baby upon the hill-side. He takes the child home with him, and brings him up with a mother's care. As soon as Crispin is old enough, he becomes Isaac's companion in all his wanderings and activities, and, growing into a strong boy, he is able at length to roam farther afield by himself. His environment offers him abundant variety of scope for observation and adventure:

"Crispin's home stood on a promontory at the parting of the waters—where the lake ceased and became a swift-flowing river. A wall bounded the north side of the garden, and from it one could see right up to the Pass at the head of the dale. The surrounding fells were bare and rugged, and a solitary island, which lay some few hundred yards above the cottage, was thoroughly in keeping with them. This island was not very big; in fact, it was little more than a heap of mammoth boulders; but at one end there rose a conical-shaped pinnacle with a scraggy holly bush growing at the summit and tufts of heather and parsley-fern adorning the sides. No living creature dwelt there."

* "The Secret of the Wild." By W. R. Calvert. 12s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

In sensitive, poetic prose, which never lapses into sentimentality, Mr. Calvert follows Crispin's development as a boy and youth living close to the heart of Nature in her wildest moods. The life of mountain and stream, of marsh and seashore, is described with a wealth of intimate detail that will fascinate all nature lovers. The author has many new stories—obviously the fruit of his own patient and loving observation—about the more familiar kinds of animal, fish and bird, but he introduces us also to lesser known species, one of his most arresting chapters dealing with the very rare visit to this part of England of some ospreys. Mr. Calvert is no gilder of the natural. He is keenly alive to the red tooth and claw. In nearly all his pictures and stories of wild life there is a tragic element. Yet his pages are full of the beauty and poetry that are inseparably bound up with tragedy. And throughout his book the human interest is naturally and powerfully sustained. With the pathetic passing of old Isaac and the idyllic courtship of Crispin he brings to an end a volume in which fact and sentiment are blended with rare taste and fragrance.

GILBERT THOMAS.

HERE AND OTHERWISE.*

"Fantastic Tales," so they are described on the jacket. They are that, and they are a great deal more. "Here and Everywhere" is a wonderful travel book for artists and poets and for those whose imaginations have not shrivelled up with the passing years, and who still secretly believe in fairies and magic. Here the traveller finds the dividing line between the real world and the imaginary one most easily passed, and here he learns how comparatively easy it is for the soul to wriggle away from the body and live apart.

With the magic of his pen Mr. Knowles convinces us that the soul is a concrete thing; it is like a pure and lovely flower growing out of the grosser earth, a flower that may be cultivated or neglected. In the story of "The Detachable Soul," the soul was like a little white shirt which the owner put on and off, according or not as he wished to be rid of his conscience in order to do some awful deed. How he was in the end tricked of the soul is a terrible story. And this is another quality these tales possess—a rapid transit from intense beauty to shuddering horror. Wherever the author chooses to take us we go, however impossible the journey looks; indeed some of us recognise that we have ourselves already visited some of the places.

Here is fine writing too. Lovers of beautiful prose will read the stories with joy, even though their imaginations may lag behind. The style is calm and unhurried; the stories unfolding slowly, naturally, like a flower from the bud. The imagery is surpassingly beautiful. Listen to this from "The Road to Tolbrisa": "A crowd of parrots flashed noisily skywards, the green and red and blue of them spreading out and passing from sight, like a rainbow suddenly breaking and scattering in pieces." "The Land of Ideas" has a dozen glorious visions. Though the end is terrible, perhaps the story of "The Birds" is the most beautiful story of all.

By means of these stories, those of us who wish may find a door of escape opening out of this noisy, petrol-driven age, into a land where the trees and rivers and flowers have souls and voices, where we are back at the childhood of the race, and where magic and wonder and adventure are never far away.

V. E. W.

A FORGOTTEN SURTEES NOVEL.†

It is curious that for seventy-four years an excellent story by R. S. Surtees should have remained unpublished

* "Here and Otherwise." By Vernon Knowles. 7s. 6d. (Holden.)

† "Young Tom Hall: His Heartaches and Horses." By Robert Smith Surtees. Edited with Introduction by E. D. Cuming. With illustrations by G. D. Armour. 20s. net. (Blackwood.)

in book form, its existence in the pages of *The New Monthly Magazine* either forgotten or unknown. There is an ever increasing fame and value for the works of Surtees which makes this omission the stranger. The admirers of Surtees are principally to be found among the leisured and monied classes who enjoy hunting scenes and sporting life in the country: I doubt if there is any demand for Surtees in the public libraries of large towns, or if even thirty per centum of the readers of other Victorian novelists know aught of Jorrocks and Soapey Sponge, the two outstanding creations of this author.

"Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour" made its first and serial appearance during 1849-1851 in *The New Monthly Magazine*, at that date owned and edited by Harrison Ainsworth. It naturally followed that Ainsworth secured Surtees's next story, this "Young Tom Hall," for the same periodical, where it commenced in October, 1851, and ran a happy serial course for fourteen months. Then, unhappily, a misunderstanding occurred between author and editor. Surtees, following his usual custom (presumably that he could so be more free to transcribe the foibles of living people in his tales), had stipulated for anonymity; but Ainsworth, by some editorial error, announced, at this late date, the author's name in an advertisement of the magazine. Surtees protested, it would seem, warmly; and Ainsworth wrote that he would be glad if the author would "wind up the tale as soon as" he conveniently could. Surtees replied in the curtest of three lines that it was not his intention to continue the story. Thus it followed this foolish ebullition of temper caused the sudden cessation of "Young Tom Hall" in the magazine, and Surtees never finished the tale or published it, though he introduced some of its characters under new names in his next work, "Ask Mamma" (1856-1858), whilst Old Hall reappeared as Mr. Goldspink in "Plain or Ringlets."

Mr. E. D. Cuming, who furnishes an interesting introduction to this reprint of "Young Tom Hall," throws most of the blame for the debacle in the magazine upon Ainsworth. As one who has written memoirs of both Surtees* and Ainsworth, I may perhaps be permitted to say that I find both these authors were to blame for the circumstances which caused "Young Tom Hall" to be an uncompleted book. Ainsworth was to blame for revealing the name of Surtees, but he withdrew the advertisement directly his attention was drawn to the oversight, and he offered a generous apology. Mr. Cuming lays no stress on this, but says he "showed temper." Some signs of indignation would be justified by Surtees's abrupt abandonment of the story, which placed the editor in a very awkward position with the subscribers to his magazine, but Ainsworth merely said: "I do not think this fair to the magazine or to me. But I have no wish that the tale should be continued." Thus there was a complete breach and in result this unfinished story. A pity, for this is a most entertaining work in Surtees's characteristic vein, being the adventures of a loutish youth, son of a provincial banker and wool-stapler, in search of social uprise and a wife by means of sporting and military endeavours. Here, once again, are the mischances of an embryo sportsman, the amusing scenes of rural entertainments, and a fine description of a hunting day ("At Silverspring Firs"). There is a good deal of caricature of course. The presentation of Colonel Blunt and the officers of the Heavysteads, a gross collection of guzzling blackguards with no notions of honour in the sale of a horse or in any other matter, can scarcely be accepted as a correct picture of the officers in a dragoon regiment of that period. But Surtees's gift of satirical observation is at its best in his inimitable pictures here of the "Thé Dansante" and "The Hunt Breakfast," for example.

This abortive and long-lost child, now clothed in uniform scarlet cloth, must be placed beside his eight fine brethren upon the shelves of every "gentleman's library," as the booksellers and auctioneers would say.

S. M. ELLIS.

* THE BOOKMAN, December, 1922.

HEART AND HEAD.*

There is a note, almost of warning, on the first page of Mr. W. H. Davies's new book.¹ "I am attempting," he writes, "to make poetry popular: that is to say, I would like to give as much pleasure to the general reader as to the student of poetry." Then he adds, "Whether I succeed or not remains to be seen." Well, if his measure of success in this direction is to be gauged by his sales, he has succeeded magnificently: for did I not read his name recently among the best-sellers? "The Song of Love" must surely be the only poetry-book, in 1926, to have achieved that distinction.

But then Mr. Davies has always been (in the true sense of the word) a popular poet. He sings in a language that all can understand. His images are homely ones, such as might spring to the lips of us all, in moments of emotion, if we were not so inarticulate. His emotions are those primary emotions—love and hate, joy and sorrow—to which none of us is alien. That indeed is the measure of his popularity: in the dumb moments of our purest, simplest emotions he is articulate for us, catching our mood in his lyric rapture, freeing us from the numbness of the unexpressed. You will say that this is the gift all poets bestow. That is not quite true. It is not true, for instance, of any other poet whose work I am reviewing in this bundle. For the moods and emotions of which Mr. Davies sings are, as it were, the least common multiple of all our moods and emotions. Other poets may supply our particular need; but here is a poet who supplies our general need. Thus, if it is for nature-poetry that you are looking, you would hardly go to Mr. Davies; for however fondly he may sing of bird and butterfly and flower, these things are rather in the way of properties to him, symbols. Again, if it is for love-poetry that you are looking, you would hardly go to him either; for, though he has written some of the loveliest love-lyrics in our language, he touches none of love's finer, subtler shades. No, Mr. Davies is content exquisitely to skim the surface of our pure joy and sorrow; and for that very limitation we most admire him and elect him, without a rival, our "popular poet." Years ago, in fact, he would surely have been one of the great army of anonymous folk-poets, and enthusiasts to-day would be spending their endeavours to collect his simple, tender songs, all ignorant of the man who made them. But since—glory be!—he has been given to us instead, born lonely into a world where such simplicity as his is as rare as a butterfly in November, we have his poems handed out to us each year in the artistic books that Mr. Cape is not ashamed to provide for his poets.

"The Song of Love," then, is well enough calculated to give pleasure to the general reader. Here are all Mr. Davies's naïve images:

"Though we are two are we not one?
Aye, even as that pair
Of scissors, which we hold in turns,
To cut each other's hair."

Here are all his (and our) old aspirations for such simple pleasures as gardens and pools can give, and "a house with curtains made of leaves, hanging from every stone," and love by the cottage-hearth. Here are all those little lyric moments of our lives gathered up into a shining verse that seems to sing, once and for all, just what we too have felt. . . . But whether this poem is as well calculated to please the student too, is another matter. Why, I can hear their quibbling voices demand from dusty city attics, why should Mr. Davies string a hundred isolated verses together and call them a single poem? Why should he parade his little intimate domesticities before us and call them poetry? Why . . . but our "popular" poet can afford to laugh such niggling criticism to scorn.

Mr. Campbell is a properer target for the student's criticism. In this considerable book² he has gathered all

* 1 "The Song of Love." By W. H. Davies. 3s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape).—2 "Poems." By Archibald Y. Campbell. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans).—3 "Poems." By Peter Quennell. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

the poems he wishes to preserve since 1912. On the whole he is too scholarly to win our affection. He will pen a vasty ode on a Distant Prospect of the Completed Third of Liverpool Cathedral or to a pocket edition of Virgil in the possession of D. G. Lillie, biologist to the British Antarctic Expedition, 1910; he will indulge in a facetious don-like humour; or he will poetise in a classic manner that ignores the *immediacy* of lyric poetry. But when these exceptions have been made, there remain a number of poems that linger in the mind with a fine inevitability, a dignity of thought, and a splendid technique. Such are "The Panic," "There are Still Kingfishers," "Nocturne," "In Early August" and the already well known "The Dromedary":

"He blinked upon the rabble lazily;
And still some trace of majesty forlorn
And a coarse grace remained. His head was high,
Though his gaunt flanks with a great mange were worn;
There was not any yearning in his eye,
But on his lips and nostril infinite scorn."

It is unfair to confine any criticism of Mr. Peter Quennell's "Poems"³ to the short space remaining at my disposal: his work demands a serious consideration such as it is not possible to extend to him here. Six years ago he burst upon us with a precocious talent in "Masques and Poems"; since then he has been silent; and now, in this new volume, nineteen poems are his sum-total, and even this number includes five poems taken from that earlier book. The fact is important. These have been urgent years in his growth as a poet and clearly he has exercised a hard restraint upon his Muse. Indeed, his poems read as if he had been almost too ruthless in his determination never to be easy; but that is only because he is hewing out for himself a new and vitalised medium and we are not sufficiently adept in it yet to follow him with ease. He is hard to quote; but "The Sunflower," one of the five poems saved from that earlier book, will serve still to show something of his method and mastery:

"See, I have bent thee by thy saffron hair,
O most strange masker,
Towards my face, thy face so full of eyes,
O almost legendary monster.
Thee of the saffron, circling hair I bend,
Bend by my fingers knotted in thy hair,
Hair like broad flames.
So—shall I swear by beech husk, spindle-berry,
To break thee, saffron hair and peering eye,
To have the mastery?"

Here is an imagery born as much of the head as Mr. Davies's is of the heart; but both are alike in this—they achieve a vivid and enriching expression of a mood, making it immortal by the sheer art of poetry.

C. HENRY WARREN.

THE WAY OF A BUTLER.*

A most discriminating critic—who exercises his pen all too infrequently—said lately in THE BOOKMAN that it was his faith that no good work failed, somehow, somewhen, of meeting with due appreciation. The when is sometimes long delayed, but in the case of Samuel Butler it happened close upon his death. Appreciation of the few was not lacking while he yet lived, but the widening of that appreciation, the development of what may be regarded as a Butler cult, came later, and now any work bearing on him and his writings is sure of a welcome. Especially is this likely to be the case with such a very pleasant and sympathetic volume as that in which Mrs. Robert Garnett—whose mother was Samuel Butler's first cousin—has abundantly demonstrated that in writing "The Way of All Flesh" Butler did not record the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth concerning various members of his family. He did not do so because, for one thing, it seems fairly obvious that he never intended doing so. The whole pother may be said to have arisen from what may be regarded as the premature publication of the novel.

* "Samuel Butler and His Family Relations." By Mrs. R. S. Garnett. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

Having written it between the years 1872 and 1885 Samuel Butler had put "The Way of All Flesh" on one side, with the resolve that it should not be published during his lifetime; conscious no doubt that in making it so largely autobiographical and self-revelatory, it must necessarily give pain to those of his immediate relations partially limned in its pages. It might have been well that that tact should have been continued until after the death of those immediate relations, seeing how ready many persons are to fasten on a romance with a key, claiming to find in every phrase of fiction a statement of fact. That Samuel Butler in his fictive *apologia*—for such we may regard his presentation of the development of Ernest Pontifex—was mainly concerned in delineating members of his family in so far as they acted and reacted upon the "ugly duckling" that had disquietingly appeared in an otherwise comfortably conventional brood, seems obvious to those who recognise that the most elaborate novel cannot render every aspect of every character that is introduced. That aspect of the elder Butler which is revealed by his offerings of flowers and verses to his wife simply did not call for presentation in a story concerned mainly with the intellectual incompatibility between father and son; to mention but one point from among those raised by this new presentation of the Butler family circle.

It is however, and I think all good Butlerites will agree in that view, a very engaging and interesting book that Mrs. Garnett has given us concerning the family of which Samuel Butler came, showing as it does that there were other facets to the characters of his father, mother and sisters, than those presented in "The Way of All Flesh." Mrs. Garnett stresses the point, too, that Butler himself suffered from over-sensibility, and this is a matter that is, I think, shown not only in the novel, but in the "Note Books" and also in the biography of Butler. "A diffident, affectionate, generous nature I read in him, warped for life by the repressions and severities of his childhood," is one of the attempts at a summing up of Butler's character in which Mrs. Garnett indulges, and it seems a very fair one. In showing that there was something more of a "blood-veined humanity" in the Butler family than had been shown in the novelist's presentation of the Pontifex family, Mrs. Garnett may be said to have shown that much the same is true of Butler himself. Her book is therefore but the more welcome. It affords us many glimpses of a mid-nineteenth century family, and those who having read it set about re-reading "The Way of All Flesh" will perhaps be more readily alive to the fact that in setting forth that strange eventful history the author was more concerned in pointing out how it was that Ernest Pontifex was where he was than in giving fully detailed portraits of those relations whose rigidity of position was so antipathetic to those fluid emotions of his own which were ever seeking for some firm theory about which to solidify themselves.

WALTER JERROLD.

A NEW POET.*

Not so very new, perhaps, since there was a small, admirable book a year or two ago, "The Adversary," in which Mr. A. J. Young presented figures of nobility in verse of great beauty. "The Bird-Cage" is a different book, a collection of lyrics not less conspicuous in beauty and more readily approached, more promptly admired. "The Adversary" was impressive, "The Bird-Cage" is delightful, bringing home to the reader the confidences and intimacies of field and wood and hedgerow. Mr. Young pours beauty even into the shortest of lyrics:

"Wind has an edge that cleaves
Like hook of hedger, for
A blood-stain marks the leaves
Wind-cut of hellebore.

"Green with the loss of blood
No heavy head looks up,
But in this Easter wood
Hangs down an empty cup."

* "The Bird-Cage." By A. J. Young. 3s. 6d. (Bumpus.)

Somewhere he speaks of the look which the familiar keeps of something strange, and he continually crosses from familiar to strange, making in his passage the elements of surprise and delight. And, too, even when he confines himself for a stanza or a whole poem to description—and it is only a dullard who would make, or find, description dull—it is to bring delight home in his cage and release it above our heads.

"Already throstle thieves
The ripening astringent haws; and now
Among fly-bitten leaves
Fatten the fringed twin nuts on hazel bough."

But usually the virtues of this poetry are more than the virtue of exact and lucid description; passion breaks in, as when the poet stares upward:

"But moon nor star-untidy sky
Could catch my eye as that star's eye,
For still I looked on that same star,
That fitful, fiery Lucifer,
Watching with mind as quiet as moss
Its light nailed on a burning cross."

Quiet as moss, burning as light, is the true description of the brooding mind of the poet, the mind that has shaped the seasons into lyrics of real beauty. There is something even beyond the immediate beauty—the originality of the poet's apprehension of two worlds, visible and invisible. He owes something to that passionate, intense, self-subdued poet, Edward Thomas, yet it is not a mere echo that makes "The Bird-Cage" so attractive, but something personal and definite added by that which the poet cannot be well aware of himself. That which is truly unaccountable and strange makes the essential wonder of poetry, and it is found, for instance, in the last poem of this volume:

"I saw how rows of white raindrops
From bare boughs shone,
And how the storm had stript the leaves
Forgetting none,
Save one left high on a top twig
Swinging alone;
Then that too bursting into song
Fled and was gone."

Mr. Young's next volume may show more of this vital strangeness, and may hold not the least echo of any other singer; and his bird cage then may be a thicket, wild and lonely, full of sounds and lights. It will be the natural development from the present volume.

JOHN FREEMAN.

TWO ESSAYISTS.*

Very similar in outward form, there is also a more essential likeness between the books of essays which one publisher has produced simultaneously for Sir Henry Newbolt and Mr. John Buchan. It does not of course go very far, for each writer has his own marked individuality, but apart from the fact that their choice has several times fallen on kindred if not identical subjects, they both stand for an excellent and very British tradition in criticism. They both have greater admiration for the sane, vigorous and central things of our literature than for its eccentricities. Neither of them is afraid of novelty, but they are both more comfortable in the established past. Both have an immense respect for the English language, witness Sir Henry Newbolt's not altogether hopeful conjectures as to its future and Mr. Buchan's practical and valuable suggestions to journalistic aspirants as to the manner of writing proper to their calling.

On the whole Mr. Buchan's is a better book than Sir Henry Newbolt's. It is a fuller book. In calling his studies green and gray, Sir Henry tells us symbolically that some of them belong to an earlier, some to a more recent period of his writing life. One or two of the "green" studies seem a little thin, though there is an admirably sympathetic analysis of "John Inglesant," and "The Romance of a Song Book" is a charming reconstruction,

* "Studies Green and Gray." By Henry Newbolt. 7s. 6d. (Nelson).—"Homilies and Recreations." By John Buchan. 7s. 6d. (Nelson.)

written with an appropriate touch of mannerism, of the history of the wanderings of a manuscript of the "Méliador" of Wenceslas, Duke of Brabant, versions from which will be familiar to readers of Sir Henry's poetry. To the piece called "The Most Famous Ship" it might be objected that probably most Englishmen would accord that title not to the *Revenge* but to the *Victory*. But Sir Henry Newbolt is so great an authority on all that pertains to our fighting ships that one makes the point with diffidence.

All the later studies are very good indeed. If one stands out above the others it is the essay on "Poetry and Time," in which is analysed, with great insight and many apt illustrations, that sense of exile from or remembrance of a world of Eternity which runs through so much English poetry. What makes this paper so interesting is that in it Sir Henry, who is for the most part chary of self-revelation, vouchsafes us a glimpse of his own philosophy of life.

"Peacock, Scott and Robin Hood" is a discussion of the relations of "Maid Marion" and "Ivanhoe." Sir Henry Newbolt accepts Peacock's statement that his book was practically finished before Scott's was published, and brings no charge of plagiarism or mystification. But he quotes certain passages from the two stories which contain striking similarities not to be explained by reference to a common origin in the Robin Hood ballads, where nothing like them occurs. The interest of the discussion lies in Sir Henry's tentative resolution of the difficulty by the theory of thought-transference.

Mr. Buchan ranges over a wider field than Sir Henry Newbolt. Though perhaps his best essay is that on Scott, he confines himself less exclusively to literary themes. This is natural, for whereas Sir Henry is primarily a poet and a man of letters, Mr. Buchan is a journalist who is ready to turn his hand to any job. He is that rare and excellent sort of journalist who is also a scholar and a good critic. He is proud of his profession and thinks well of its present state:

"If there is a modern canon it is to be sought, I think, in journalism. I believe that English journalism shows at the present moment a higher level of competence than it has ever shown before in our history. We may miss the grace of an Addison or the fiery vigour of a Hazlitt or a Cobbett, but for a body of clear, effective and urbane prose our journalism need fear no comparison with the past. It is my business to read a good many books in different branches of literature, and I confess that I turn often with comfort from the freakish, stuttering, self-conscious rigmarole of too many modern *littérateurs* to the clean-cut, efficient prose of a newspaper article."

If modern journalism is worthy of this praise it is men like Mr. Buchan who have made it so, men with an appreciation of language, well stored minds and balanced judgments. How various are Mr. Buchan's interests a mere selection of his titles will testify: "The Muse of History," a review of the historians as artists which forms an interesting pendant to Mr. George Trevelyan's essay on the same theme; "Lord Balfour and English Thought"; "Literature and

Topography," insisting on the value of definite localisation; "The Judicial Temperament," in which are discussed the qualities which make a great judge; "The Great Captains," which reminds us that its author is the biographer of Montrose and an historian of the war. Whatever his theme, Mr. Buchan has always something stimulating to say, and his generalisations are always backed by precise instances.

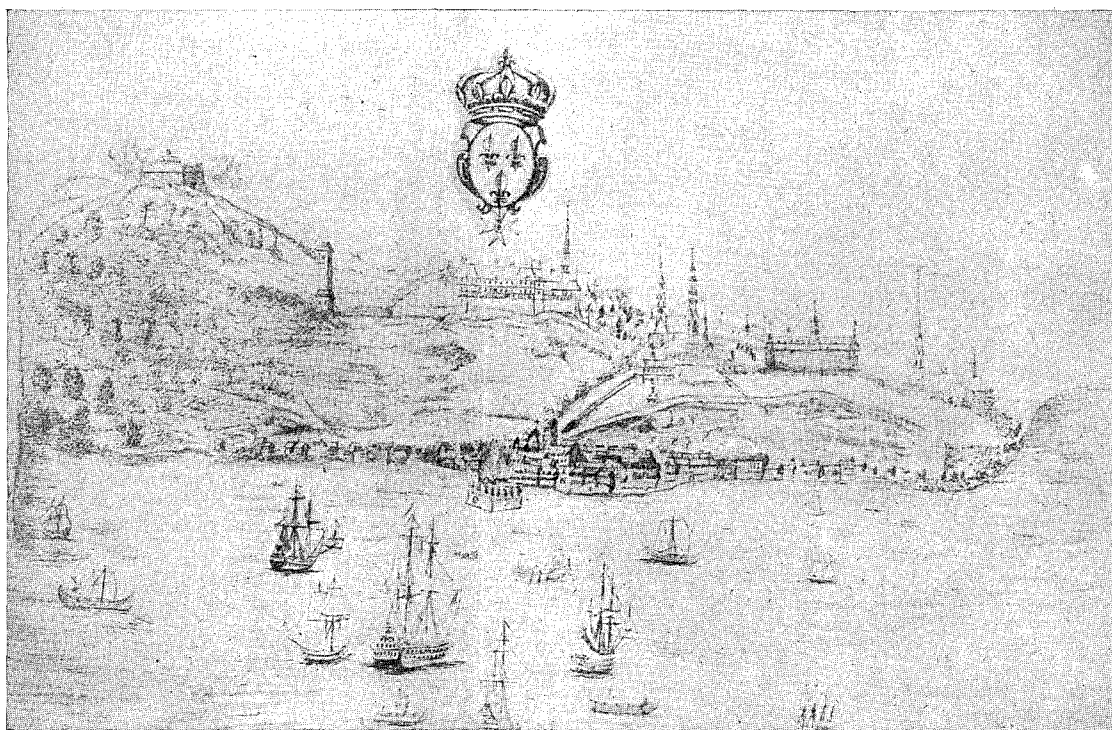
FRANCIS BICKLEY.

FRANCE.*

The French temperament, that delightful spice in the hotchpotch of Europe, is emphatically as different from the English temperament as it can well be. From a mass of dangerous generalisations so much must stand out as obviously true. Where the English are sentimental the French are romantic; where the English are good natured and vague the French are jovial and direct; to us, it may seem, almost indecently plain-spoken. French good manners are a system of effusions; ours a code of restraints. And yet, as Mr. Huddleston has pointed out, the French family is less cordial towards strangers than the average Anglo-Saxon family. For the French are conservative round their *foyer* though they may be democratic in the tram or at the café.

In other ways too they are conservative. Now that England is becoming more and more Americanised and Russia has gone "red," France is one of the three great nations in which the European tradition, derived through the Christian Middle Ages from classical antiquity, most strongly survives. Let us make a comparison of the attitudes taken up by the sister republics of France and the U.S.A. towards certain aspects of culture and material prosperity. In France an undertaker, or, as Mr. Aldous Huxley tells us he is called in America, a "mortician," does not dream of claiming to be, as such, the equal of a marquess, a learned professor or an artist. But in France poverty is not despised, and the merit of an artist is not measured by the horse-power of his car. He has not got a car. In America the mortician imagines he is no degree less a servant of the public than Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. But in America poverty is a disgrace, and individuality is not approved of, apparently, except among the bandits, who are numerous, it is true.

* "France." By Sisley Huddleston. 21s. (Benn.)



From "Canada," by Marion J. Newbigin (Christopher). Reviewed in this Number.

This is because America is not, like France, permeated with humanistic influences. France is too old a country to learn its values from commerce instead of from philosophy and religion. In France even the Roman Church, as the church of the majority, may be counted an important force on the side of humanism, for it has a longer experience of human limitations, a more just conception of the human mean, than the auto-suggestive sects of the new world which try to drown the voice of suffering with the din of the vibraphone and the marimbaphone.

It is worth stressing a very important social-economic fact in connection with that unchallenged supremacy in painting which France has enjoyed for the last hundred years, of which the zenith was attained by the Impressionists, "a collection," as Mr. Huddleston says, "of the most brilliant talents that France had produced since the eighteenth century." This fact is brought out by Mr. Roger Fry in his essay on "Culture and Snobbism," and it explains the circumstances that made an elaborate and fruitful Bohemian life possible in Paris. "The artist," says Mr. Fry, "... must be able to live and function on an extremely small sum. . . . In the case of America the sum necessary to support life is a large one, and though it can be earned with proportionate ease it can only be earned by some work the value of which society can recognise at once. In the case of France it is, or certainly was in the nineteenth century, so small that it might be picked up by part time work at any one of the smaller crafts of industrial design for which France is conspicuous."

The achievements of French statesmen have not latterly been as impressive as those of the artists. Since the Third Republic was constituted fifty-six years ago, there have been no less than seventy-six ministries in power, of which a single one only remained at the helm for as long as three years. These ministries have had the most formidable difficulties to contend against; royalist plots, socialist propaganda, the consequences of the Panama scandal, the uncertainties of the balance of power, and the Dreyfus "affaire," of the amazing virulence of which English students can obtain a faint idea by the perusal of the French comic newspapers of the period.

A certain economic self-sufficiency, a comparatively equitable distribution of land and property have however made France a happy country. It is not the climate that chiefly attracts foreigners to France, nor indeed the "attractions," as the music halls and cabarets of Paris rather unjustly call themselves—to many people they are repulsions—but the genial atmosphere which is the result of the amenities of life being almost universally accessible.

In the course of his plump volume, Mr. Huddleston, who has been *The Times* correspondent in France and knows the country intimately, touches on all departments of the life of the people. He criticises the delays of French law, which permits the untried alleged offender to be kept for months, sometimes, under lock and key. He points out, on the other hand, that divorce proceedings are not, as with us, reported in the newspapers, and this is surely a leaf we might take out of our neighbour's book.

Mr. Huddleston mentions an immense number of names of eminent Frenchmen of the last hundred years, and writes a compressed biography of many of them, thus simultaneously making us realise the extent of his information and how prolific of talent France has been and still is. At least, if for centuries England and France have been political rivals, the best minds in each country have heartily admired the fine qualities of the other, the French our enterprise and social structure, and we their thought and social refinements.

PAUL BLOOMFIELD.

THE TAPESTRY.*

In much of his work Mr. Beresford has always seemed aware of something mystical in life, of some pattern of which he can know only the existence not the meaning. In some short stories, and in that little masterpiece, "The

* "The Tapestry." By J. D. Beresford. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Hampdenshire Wonder," this conviction of his—a conviction which never reaches reasoned faith—has had its result in work of a strange and troubled beauty, a sensitive and unusual power. In "The Tapestry" he is often within reach of that beauty, and that power; but somehow they escape him, and the book, though full of beauty and an uncertain wisdom, is a disappointment. John Fortescue—he is little when his story opens—gradually learns that he is nobody's child. He is naturally trustful, and remains so; but when he discovers his trust has been betrayed, even unintentionally, he is apt to be unjust. His mother is not his own; his father has no feelings for him but those of a lymphatic amusement; Aunt Lizzie is not an aunt at all, and even Aunt Caroline is not a real aunt, as she is only his father's half-sister. Still John's boyhood has moments of great happiness, and while he is aware of something aloof, something dutiful in his mother's love for him, he is devoted to her. Mrs. Fortescue writes novels; Fortescue has composed music. On the proceeds of a successful novel, Mrs. Fortescue takes the family to the south of France. Then Fortescue goes to pieces, and John's tragedy and yet happiness begins. Disgusted at his father he leaves him, and gets a job as a builder's labourer. At the time—he is only eighteen and deeply wounded at his mother's desertion—he thinks he is friendless, not knowing that Mrs. Fortescue is writing regularly and sending money, and that his father and his French wife keep both the letters and the cash. Then John goes back to London, to the Mallorays, and to success. He marries Viva Mallory—her father is President of the Royal Academy—and is a prosperous and well known architect. Then comes the tragedy.

Here, I think, Mr. Beresford has not given himself enough space. The curious superficial degradation—a degradation of boredom and fashion—which overcomes Viva needed longer analysis. The end, with John's murder of Cheney, and Viva's suicide, is too violent and too realistic. There perhaps is the key to one's dissatisfaction with the story. It is not really suited, in its symbolic intention, to the realistic treatment which Mr. Beresford has given to it.

"The Tapestry" is however an honest and extremely engrossing story, which no admirer of Mr. Beresford's talent should miss.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

MR. DRINKWATER'S AFTERMATH.*

It is to Mr. Drinkwater's play of a few years since, in which Oliver Cromwell figured as hero, that we are indebted for this carefully planned and conscientiously written prose study of an historical personage whose glamour is at once perdurable and curiously artificial. The researches which Mr. Drinkwater pursued as dramatist into the period that covered the rule of the two Charleses evidently made it fascinating to him—or rather, its principal figures, ill-starred and in some ways truly kingly. And he has turned history into literature so admirably—not by any means for the first time—that it is perhaps not too much to hope that some day he will lift the figure of Charles the Second out of the present volume on to the stage.

Accompanying the king—when that purely artistic task is tackled—must certainly be the figures of Lucy Walter, Louise Renée de Keroualle, May Davis and Eleanor Gwyn. There is little romance about "Mr. Charles" for some folks without the women in whose presence he displayed a susceptibility in which he was encouraged through his royal position and the fortune which, "polite and gentle" though he was, he cruelly forced out of his people. If his latest biographer has any fault it is that of an undue and not very justifiable solicitude about Charles's moral character. With all respect, the king *was* a roué, and not all this latter-day plastering of him with intelligence and statesmanship will hide the truth,

* "Mr. Charles, King of England." By John Drinkwater. 18s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

a truth one does not need to take the Whig or the Piccadilly view of him to accept. But then Mr. Drinkwater is instinctively the apologist of his heroes: Byron came dangerously near to receiving commiseration at the poet's hands a while ago. He now dwells on Charles's loyalties, common sense and regard for his office. And above all he emphasises the king's favourable attitude to the arts.

Granting that the Restoration court was a loose one, "often a dull one," Mr. Drinkwater points out that in spite of this it encouraged wit and learning, and here Charles gave "a decisive lead."

"He was the most enlightened patron of the drama that has ever been on the English throne. He cared for poetry, suggested the subject of 'The Medal' to Dryden, and made him a present of a hundred gold pieces for writing it. Lely was his court painter. So good a judge as Pepys tells us that he had some knowledge of music, and liked it: he made Purcell organist at Westminster and the Chapel Royal."

Mr. Drinkwater also mentions the king's own accomplishments as an amateur of science. He founded the Royal Society and took a personal interest in its proceedings, attending its meetings and, according to John Evelyn, providing the table at its first anniversary dinner with venison. "He chaffed the members for trying to weigh the air, and lost no opportunity of watching and encouraging their experiments."

"There have been greater kings in England, but few abler and more entertaining," concludes Mr. Drinkwater. "If he talked a little too much and told his stories too often, we at least who do not need to listen need like him none the less for that." And one might add in similar strain that if he harassed his subjects by tampering with the national credit and by selling himself to the French king to supply his financial wants, we at least who live too long afterwards to be so directly affected by it as were the common people of the time "need like him none the less for that."

This "vindication" of one whom previous historians have condemned as licentious, extravagant and unscrupulous to the last degree, is entirely poetic. While following it we are quickly lost in admiration of the biographer, and our attention never really returns to his subject. In the end the "vindication" becomes simply an earnest revelation of a poet's misapplied charity.

THOMAS MOULT.

MACHIAVELLI AND THE ELIZABETHANS.*

When England, reviving from her long dynastic war, resumed in lyric, drama, and romance, her young tradition of song and story, she returned for inspiration where she had been led before by Chaucer, to the fair half-mythical shores of Italy, where now all the sirens were singing because they had seen again upon the waters the phantom sails of the Greeks. With no antique history of culture behind her, the least sophisticated of the Western nations answered the Renaissance call of the new morning and the renewed world with all the wonder, and also all the crudity of a feverish adolescence. In Italy the first rapture of the Renaissance was over; and, exhausted by invasions and divisions, the lovely land was sinking into a state of wanton ironic grace and baroque reminiscence when the young Elizabethans gazed at her, not only with delight, but with an excited sense of sin, in the adolescent way. The sensuous Puritan Spenser did not dare to think of Italy but as he might imagine his tender witch Acrasia; not till the day of that more arrogant and not less sensuous Puritan Milton were Renaissance antinomies deliberately resolved in English music. Meanwhile the Italian scene was distorted by half-mediæval Elizabethan eyes into a golden mystery play of lawless love and death against a darkening sky, while, for supporters at once comic and sinister as the "Iniquities" of the Moralities, on either side the stage stood the infamous Aretine and the damnable Machiavelli.

* "The Lion and the Fox: The Rôle of the Hero in the Plays of Shakespeare." By Wyndham Lewis. 16s. (Grant Richards.)

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Machiavelli's symbol of the conjunction of the lion and the fox, as the "impossible union of incongruous opposites" that distinguishes the invincible Prince, gives Mr. Wyndham Lewis the title of his book. Machiavelli's unique dispassionate treatise, crystallised from the passionate pre-occupation of a despairing patriot, and penetrated by the mystic politics of the "De Monarchia," was known to most of the Elizabethan dramatists merely as an evil rumour. Englishmen like Cardinal Pole who had read "The Prince," ignored, as did even Mr. Gladstone in later days, all the author's reservations and ultimate intentions in their revulsion from Machiavelli's candour—his unwelcome assumption that you cannot eat your cake and have it, that a Christian ethic lies outside a national policy intent on security and dominance, that the conscience of a saint will never make a conqueror-at-arms, that the inflexible will of the Prince must outwit fraud and violence, and sacrifice even personal honour in bringing a distracted country into unity. Englishmen who knew no more of the matter than Gentillet's garbled "maxims," believed that the book was the "queen-mother's Bible," responsible for red massacre in the pointed streets of Paris, though they did not think of applying its precepts to the judicial murder of the hapless guest of Fotheringay. For the crowd, Machiavelli was simply an Italian devil, specially versed in poisons and strange fornications.

His name became a catchword with those splendid careless people the Elizabethan dramatists, a catchword charged with a connotation of unimaginable evil. The audacious genius of Marlowe, by thrusting the figure of Machiavelli on the stage to speak the prologue for the "Jew of Malta," confirmed him in devilish pride of place. Marlowe was writing down to his public, for he knew his Machiavelli better. Whether Shakespeare, who remembered Marlowe in composing "Richard III," was as knowledgeable concerning the Italian politician is doubtful; but that the "lion-fox" idea is the "most central" knot of Shakespeare's conception of his kingly heroes and the complex of characters in which they are involved is Mr. Lewis's ill-sustained argument. It certainly seems hard to prove that the Machiavellian symbol is as constantly present in Shakespeare's artistic consciousness as the dragon-conflict is in Leonardo's.

But the notion of the lion and the fox hardly seems the "most central" knot in Mr. Wyndham Lewis's own book. In considering the rôle of Shakespeare's heroes the author begins and forgets many arguments, though he conveys much criticism of life and art which is at least first-hand and provocative. The ellipses are violent, the sentences are rhythmless and inorganic, the progression is haphazard. Sometimes he seems to talk at random of "cabbages and kings." The book is of a zigzag pattern that does not interlock into a design, at least within the covers of this volume. Though the tone is that of a special pleader there is doubt as to what the changeable case may be.

A certain want of tact, a natural intransigence of temper, makes him often beat the air, intent on the destruction of idols that have already dissolved under some quietly satiric regard. Others, for instance, have realised a Shakespeare with no facile final optimism regarding a world of jealous fools like Leontes and knaves like Iachimo, withdrawing at last for comfort to the pure enchantment of art, the faery singing at the edges, and for consolation to the vision of the endless mutation of matter, the wave-like passing of things. Even as did Leonardo, imaginatively akin, temperamentally so different. Sometimes, again, a salutary note in Mr. Lewis's criticism is over-emphasised. One may recognise that Shakespeare responded sensitively to the Renaissance ideal of passionate male friendship, may scientifically allow the bi-sexual character of supreme creative genius, and yet instantly reject the theory of "shamanisation," which seems to introduce a kind of primeval hysteria alien to the motions of that august as well as delicate spirit.

Still, when Mr. Lewis sets his oddly shaded foot-lights here and there, under the Dark Lady, her hands on the virginals, and the young man coloured like a May-

king, under Falstaff, Thersites, Antony, Othello, the unusual upward illumination often strikes out a novel, arresting effect, a kind of distorted veracity. His impatient attacks on the Elizabethan picture as a whole at least shake the image of Shakespeare into a vibrating life—a figure moving suave and secret among Italianate lords, Mermaid wits, and girlish boy-actors.

The book is indeed a series of notes of unequal value, to which the good will of some readers may give coherence. Too often the writer promises and disappoints, throwing a bright notion into the air like a coloured balloon, and losing it in a sudden diversion of interest. So he begins to speak with real eloquence and comprehension of the Spirit of the Renaissance, but soon becomes merely capricious. He is more often eccentric than original, and some of his chapter headings convey the sense of queer disquiet with which one occasionally meets a new Baconian cipher. But the real value of the book is a Renaissance value. Both when it succeeds and when it fails it passionately defends the rights of personality and resists the imposition of monotony upon the pattern of life. Therefore he talks of Frazer's sacrificial kings, of Georges Sorel, Nietzsche, Cervantes, Shaw's non-mediaeval Saint Joan, Frederick of Prussia, Renan's Caliban and Matthew Arnold's Celts, while the lion-fox sports occasionally in the bosky distances.

But why must "proper" adjectives lose their capitals? It is in the genius of the highly individual English language to defend the ego and to salute the pride of nationality with stately letters. And the "proud full sail" of the Shakespearean speech flew its capitals like pennons. For our eyes "spanish" has nothing to do with galleons and conquistadors, "french" has no panache, "italian" is sucked of its honey and its poison, "english" is creepingly humble, and an "elizabethan" looks like a strange creature out of a bestiary than a courtier or poet or pirate of the great age.

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR.

Novel Notes.

THE THREE TAPS. By R. A. Knox. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

When we had finished Father Knox's ingenious and well written detective story, we could not help feeling that the best part of the book consists in the false clues which most readers will follow, at any rate for a chapter or two. The solution is extraordinarily ingenious; but it assumes a kind of roguish slyness in one of the characters which we find it rather difficult to believe. Mottram seems too direct a person to design the curious plan with which Father Knox credits him, and in the execution of which he meets his death. Apart from this, however, no connoisseur of detective stories will find anything to complain of in "The Three Taps." The scene in the village inn; the characters of the old schoolmaster, Pulteney; of Brinkman, the secretary; of Bredon, the detective from the insurance company, and of the police inspector are handled with real humour, and a quiet sense of human weakness and cleverness. With Mrs. Bredon Father Knox is not quite so successful. She is a little too continuously bright, and is one of those maddening women whom all women readers will recognise at once as a bachelor's idea of what a good wife ought to be. Still "The Three Taps" is a story of exceptional merit; and shows a distinct advance on Father Knox's previous detective story.

LEADON HILL. By Richmal Crompton. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The community of Leadon Hill is a little world in miniature, complete in itself, and gives Miss Richmal Crompton's remarkable gift of character drawing excellent scope. Here are all the elements that go to the making of such a picture, etched in with the keen insight and delicacy of touch without which such fragile material would be utterly spoiled. Miss Mitcham, the industrious busybody and her "Treasure," Lady Dewhurst the social leader, the Misses

Martyn with their niece Olive, who is such a pious little humbug, the Misses Painton, the poverty-stricken daughters of the late doctor, whose pathetic attempts to keep up appearances amount to tragedy. These and various others are drawn with such realism that a vivid impression is created, and the tense atmosphere caused by the intrusion of a stranger in their midst is quickly sensed. Helen West, whose whole life has been spent in Italy, decides on the death of her father to settle in England. Large-hearted and truth-loving, her whole nature is utterly foreign to the pettiness and complexities of village life. Petty humanity makes a sorry picture, but Miss Crompton's characters are all so utterly human, and so attractive in spite of their whimsicalities, that it is like shutting the door on personal friends when we close the book.

MOONRAKER; OR THE FEMALE PIRATE AND HER FRIENDS. By F. Tennyson Jesse. 5s. (Heinemann.)

An admirably executed bit of work, which appears to be rather in the nature of a book for boys than a full-dress novel. It is told from the standpoint of a Cornish ship-boy, Jacky Jacka; every incident is seen through his eyes. And this imparts a peculiar simplicity of diction, a *naïveté* of manner, to Miss Tennyson Jesse's beautiful style. One feels that she has written and illustrated this book for her own pastime, and for a boy's pleasure, rather than as another of her notable novels, such as "Tom Fool." For although its hero is an eighteenth century pirate captain, cutlass, curses, and seamanship all complete, the deeds of blood are toned down to a minimum. And while its twin-hero, so to speak, is the unfortunate Toussaint l'Ouverture, the massacres and Voodooisms of San Domingo are slurred over in few words, *virginibus puerisque*. The fatal weakness of unrequited love which descends upon Captain Sophy Lovel, is redeemed by the magnificence of her superb finale. This is a delightful book; and if its subject-matter is more compressed than it would have been in a tale for adults, that fact stands out finely against the floods of verbosity to which too many authors accustom us.

YOUR CUCKOO SINGS BY KIND. By Valentine Dobree. 7s. 6d. (Knopf.)

Here is a book dealing with lovely and bitter things, with the most difficult problem of a child's life, venturing on the most sensitive and intimate things, and succeeding in a very rare way. Mrs. Dobree has achieved a remarkable mixture of reticence and frankness, of delicacy and candour. Christine, her heroine—she is only a little over fifteen years old when her story ends—is a susceptible, imaginative child, whose mother left her father when the child was two, and whose father lives in India. For the early part of the book Christine and her two elder brothers are living with Mrs. Harris and her children; for the later part of the story she lives with Mrs. Dean. Her life with Mrs. Harris is a desert of disappointment and misunderstanding, not that Mrs. Harris is unkind—she is merely vulgar and stupid. At Mrs. Dean's Christine learns to develop, learns to sing, learns to enjoy life and beauty, and learns, too, that happiness has its moments of agony no less than unhappiness. Still she is happy, and can hardly bear the agony of separation when her father decides to return to England and have his children at home. Christine is the book, and makes it a poignant and beautiful one. Mrs. Dobree is also extremely successful with her older people; and with Mary Harris and Lavinia Dean—but the boys are rather stock-size, ready-to-wear children.

THE INFATUATION OF PETER. By Katharine Tynan. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Madame Patourel is a character of such singular force that her personality dominates the book as it dominated the heart and mind of Peter Orde. Very ingeniously Miss Katharine Tynan works up the atmosphere of Madame Patourel's household at the Villa Emilie—her husband, her dogs, the little drudge Cecile, the English student-boarders divided against themselves as those who fought

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in the war and those who were born too late for that distinction, thus being deprived of Madame's interest and patronage. Peter is a war hero and, in spite of his friend's warning, falls under Madame's spell. A vampire, Madame finds out the weak points of her victims and takes advantage of these to get her favourite of the moment entirely in her power. Peter becomes her favourite and cannot resist her fussing and cossetting which, despite his love for his mother, his home in England, his friend who has done his best to save him, entirely demoralises him. We are not shown quite enough of Madame's charms to account for her devastating influence—perhaps it is too subtle a thing to be described in words; but we see its effect on Peter as the effect of an unwholesome drug. The book has strength and vitality, and is so out of the run of ordinary novels that it deserves a more distinguishing title.

TO THIS END. By Barbara Malim. 7s. 6d. (Henry Walker).

Born with the soul of an artist, John Curtois's whole being rebelled against the cramping commercial environment in which he was placed. His dream—that of the



Miss Barbara Malim.

“picture into which he would put all his soul, the beauty, the dreams, the intense joys, the bitter agonies, the toil, the knowledge of his whole life”—continually haunted him. The story of his complete break with his irate father, his early struggles and friendships, and later his recognition by leading artists, are told with ease, if on somewhat

hackneyed lines. But much more power is achieved when the scene passes on to Russia in the days following the revolution. John joins an expedition for relief work, and combines with this his search for a Russian countess with whom he has fallen in love whilst painting her portrait on the Riviera. “Moscow, city of contrasts, strange, inscrutable, oppressed by her past, ashamed of her present, hiding her thoughts, her very being under a pall of darkness,” is impressively portrayed. The tragic circumstances under which John and the countess meet, and the work which they accomplish together make vivid and unforgettable pictures. John's picture when at last it is painted is the outpouring of his very soul against the bitterness and sufferings he had witnessed.

AT SCHOOL WITH TRODDLES. By R. Andom. 2s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

As dear to the heart of many as the “William” books are those about Troddles, and we are pleased to see that this book, published many years back, has attained a third edition. It is a very merry performance, beginning with fat, unimaginative, genial Troddles making friends at school. The wanderings of these two friends with the sturdy hero in a boat, on a wreck, in a hut by the shore, chasing the wild deer (and Troddles coping with a deer cuts an extremely funny figure), are amusingly described. You will perhaps remember the humorous and dramatic affair he had with a balloon! Old readers will like to refresh their memories with this light, winsome, rollicking and ridiculous tale; and as for new readers, anybody possessing an odd half-crown should certainly invest it in “At School with Troddles.”

THE MAN IN THE SANDHILLS. By Antony Marsden. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

In view of the enormous demand for the mystery novel, it is obvious that authors must find it increasingly difficult to hit upon something new. Yet Mr. Antony Marsden has not only hit upon a new and ingenious idea but has worked it out with a freshness that lifts his novel, “The Man in the Sandhills” quite out of the common rut. John Creed, going to the flat of a cad to give him a well-merited thrashing, is horrified when the man falls dead. Thinking he has killed him, he endeavours to escape from the consequences, and this is an account of his clever attempts to outwit the police. Unlike most police in fiction, Mr. Marsden's representatives of the law are intelligent enough to render Creed's elusion a very tricky business; and having shown us how his man contrives to cover his tracks, he goes on to show how the police gather clues and almost run their quarry to earth. The characters are very ably sketched and there are touches of humour which, with the originality of the general theme, should make “The Man in the Sandhills” a best-seller among mystery novels.

MR. AND MRS. HADDOCK IN PARIS, FRANCE. By Donald Ogden Stewart. 7s. 6d. (Harpers.)

This is the joyous story of the first visit to the Gay City of worthy Will Haddock, American citizen, his wife Hattie and his daughter Mildred—the latter the only one who knows even a little French. Indeed, for “a little girl,” she has a surprising acquaintance with the idiom. However, the story is a prolonged chuckle, ending suddenly with quite a daring bit of serious talk to America's sons, put into the mouth of a *quasi* Frenchman. Behold the Haddocks in the train, *en route* for Paris:

The compartment door was opened, and a French lady dressed in black and carrying a small dog peered in. Mr. Haddock smiled amiably. The lady turned to her companion, shrugged, remarked “Américains,” closed the door and passed on down the aisle.

“I wonder how she knew,” said Mr. Haddock.

As he spoke . . . another French lady . . . appeared.

Mr. Haddock . . . with a hasty glance at the window and a slight shrug remarked to his wife:

“Il est dangereux de se pencher au dehors.”

“Américains,” said the French lady, and the door was slammed shut. . . .

A man came along the corridor ringing a small bell.

“I bet that's for lunch,” cried little Mildred.

“I wonder,” said Mr. Haddock, “if Americans are allowed to eat with the white folks.”

Throughout the book, under the good-humoured fooling lies a keen satire which is a wholesome medicine not only for U.S. travellers, but also, it must be confessed, for those who carry British passports.

PRODIGALS OF MONTE CARLO. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Oppenheim's art can coquet very pleasantly with the improbable, and his ready interest in it has given him the plot of more than one good story. He is the ideal novelist of that not inconsiderable public who are prepared to let a writer have full scope in his opening pages, so long as the chapters which follow prove that the paying out of the rope was worth while. “Prodigals of Monte Carlo” is in the true Oppenheim vein. Sir Hargrave Wendever, baronet, country gentleman, and for a brief space of time a noted figure in financial circles, consults a Harley Street specialist, who tells him that he has not more than six months to live. Shaping his life according to the judgment given, he sets himself to bring off a spectacular financial coup, joins the pleasure world at Monte Carlo, and takes with him as his guests two young people into whose drab lives he wants to bring two months of pleasure. With one of the young people he falls in love, and the story ends with the utter confusion of the Harley Street specialist, who turns out to be a fraud.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ENGLISH BALLAD. A Short Critical Survey. By Robert Graves. 6s. net. (Benn.)

Mr. Graves's book consists of some thirty pages of critical introduction, followed by a really judicious selection of more or less well known ballads. His introduction, like all Mr. Graves's writing, is discerning and provocative. His contention is that it is erroneous to suppose any individual authorship for the ballad: it is the fruit of communal thinking. Place any chosen set of men and women in a room to-day and ask them to compose a ballad, and what they ultimately produced would be as far removed from the authentic ballad as woollen flowers from garden roses. Men and women cannot sink their individuality to-day; and the ballad belongs to that state of society wherein the community is more than the individual. Thus it is that one of the last birthplaces of the ballad was the sailing ship, wherein men were shut off for long periods from modern society, and wherein they were able to sink their individuality in a common recreation. Later still, the war provided for a period (before thoughtful governments sent out concert parties and song books) such a simple, sufficing community. This is likely enough, and interesting enough; but one could wish that, instead of cramping himself within thirty meagre pages, Mr. Graves had expanded his theme into a book. He could have made it most lively reading; and an expansion of his own research with the "ballads" of the soldiers of the last war would have been not only lively but valuable. A companion volume of ballads, too, would have been more welcome than this too cursory glance.

TEN WEEKS WITH CHINESE BANDITS. By Harvey J. Howard. 8s. 6d. (John Lane.)

This book, coming out at a time when China holds the eye of the world, is not the less effective because it was not written with intent to be topical. It is the record of the personal adventures of its author in the summer of 1925. In July of that year Dr. Harvey J. Howard, of the Rockefeller Hospital in Peking, was captured and held for ten weeks by a band of Black Dragon River "hung hutzes" that had been terrorising the Manchurian provinces. Dr. Howard was on a visit to his friend, Major Morgan Palmer, when news came that bandits had appeared in the neighbourhood. Major Palmer at once offered to go to the assistance of the Chinese farmers who had been attacked, thinking that a display of arms would be sufficient to send the bandits off. Instead, in the attack that followed Major Palmer was killed and Dr. Howard taken prisoner. The "hung hutzes" demanded a heavy ransom, and as the days passed and Dr. Howard's friends could not get into touch with him, his life was more than once in danger. His knowledge of Chinese and his good relations with one of his captors, Jih Pen Tzu, saved him, and his medical skill gradually came to be valued. He must have had a strong constitution to withstand the hardships and the native food. The bandits showed no mercy to a captive who fell by the wayside, and one of the chapters contains the story of the cold-blooded murder of Mr. Chu, who "paid the penalty for weariness." Dr. Howard's rescue was eventually effected by his friends. His book is eminently readable and invaluable for its descriptions of what is going on in the China of to-day.

A WREATH OF CLOUD: THE THIRD PART OF THE TALE OF GENJI. By Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. 10s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

There is not much new to be said about the adventures of Prince Genji, the Japanese Don Juan whom Mr. Arthur Waley has revealed to us. He still pursues the uneven and complicated tenor of his ways, and his intrigues are still made various by his creator's skill in differentiating character and her fecundity in the invention of situation.

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"Mary came to help me build."

From "My Happy Family," by Cherry Kearton (Arrowsmith).

Nevertheless one can have too much of even the best of things, and one is fain to admit a feeling of relief in learning that one more volume will see the end of the amorous Genji, and that the two further volumes which are still necessary to bring Murasaki's epic to a conclusion will "deal with the fortunes of Genji's supposed son Kaom, and his grandson (the Akashi Princess's child) Niou." The present volume is made specially interesting by Mr. Waley's introduction, in which he tells us what is known of Murasaki, illustrating the story with copious extracts from her diary, which it is to be hoped that he intends to redeem his promise of translating in full. For it is evidently a document of extraordinary interest, not only confirming, what is evident from the novel, that the writer was possessed of unusual intelligence and humour, but proving that human nature in Japan a thousand years ago was much the same as it is in England to-day.

AUNT POLLY'S STORY OF MANKIND. By Donald Ogden Stewart. 7s. 6d. (Brentanos.)

Donald Ogden Stewart, the author of this amusing book, was apparently suddenly overwhelmed, as many of us have been in our day, by the idiocy and complacency of some good comfortable American lady's view of Creation, and her idea that everything in the past combined for the best, through some very "unfortunate civilisations," and gave us "comfy" America as it is to-day. So our author sat down and wrote this book about a fatuous aunt, and the explanations she gave of the process of evolution to some lively nephews and nieces and to her own unlucky son. Ironical; furiously sarcastic, with its probings on war; extraordinarily funny. "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind" is clever and most refreshing.

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"African Clearings" consists of a set of chapters written by one who lived for many years as a missionary in the Southern Cameroons. The usual missionary sketches do not display much literary talent, but these before us are full of it. Miss Mackenzie can write easily, playfully, tenderly, humorously, and this literary grace extends to both her volumes. Very delightful is the study of "The Author" in "African Clearings." To "A Lucky Lad" the affectionate account of Dr. Robert Mackenzie, a distinguished Presbyterian pastor in New York, his daughter brings reverence and eloquence. She lovingly drew from him when he was old and successful, an account of the poverty and romance of his early Highland days. A fragrant and sprightly performance.

CANADA: THE GREAT RIVER, THE LANDS, AND THE MEN. By Marion I. Newbigin. 12s. 6d. (Christophers.)

If anything rivals Canada in progress it is the accumulation of books upon and around it. But there was room for this of Miss Newbigin's because in unprecedented ways it reveals the interrelation of Canada's pioneers and their physical environment. She holds the scales fairly as between French and English, but the modest compass of her book only allows of her pursuing her theme down to the Treaty of Paris in 1763. After this she has to compress the remainder into an epilogue, including the era of progress resulting from the trek of American loyalists which that treaty occasioned as part of the adjustment between ourselves and the French. Fortunately for us the struggle was decided long before the railway and the telegraph came, or it could never have depended on the throw of a single night in the hands of a red-headed, peaky-faced junior of Marines like Wolfe. He was the Keats of war, you may say, for he died victorious at thirty or very little more. But he was only one of the many vivid figures in the panorama that our author here unrolls.

Music.

BEETHOVEN: A STUDY IN PERSONALITY.

By MAY BYRON.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, three names, as regards literature and music, stood loudest on the lips of Europe. At the time, their degree of celebrity

ranked thus: Byron, Goethe, Beethoven. All three had established their positions as revolutionaries against the accepted order of things: all three were the ultimate

outcome of Romanticism: no three could have differed more essentially from each other in origin, in career, in philosophy. And the contemporary estimation, which placed them in the above order, has been all but reversed by the verdict of to-day.

"When Byron's eyes were closed in death," says Matthew Arnold, "we hid our own, and held our breath;

"He taught us little, but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll."

A spectacular life, a superbly tragic death, and a personality which to most people nowadays is of much more interest than his poems.

Goethe, to the great majority of English-speaking races, is barely a name. Of his honour in modern Germany I know little or nothing. Cultured literary folk, over here, are credited with some knowledge of "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," "Götz von Berlichingen," etc., whether in the original or in translations: one doubts if this assumption is often justified. Except for certain lovely lyrics from his larger works, and for "Faust" as the basis of a popular opera, Goethe's fame seems practically a negligible quantity.

But the third and greatest of these—poor, morose, isolate, as compared to the others; almost obscure in his day, though like them rebellious against the encumbrance of dead forms, the fetters of fashion and convention—Ludwig van Beethoven is slowly, steadily, incredibly coming into his own. The terms in which we think of him, the adoration and amazement with which we view his tremendous achievements, are such as we accord to no other mortal man save Shakespeare.

"The Shakespeare of music," a phrase now frequently applied to Beethoven, was first employed, I think, by Richard Wagner in 1870, at the Centenary celebration. "If we have called music," said he, "the revelation of the inmost dream-image of the essential nature of the world, Shakespeare may pass with us for the Beethoven who dreams on in waking. . . . Now what makes Shakespeare so incomprehensible, so incomparable, is, that the conventional dramatic forms were filled with such buoyant life by him that they appear to us altogether supplanted by actual nature. . . . Beethoven was exactly like Shakespeare in his bearing towards the formal laws of his art, and in his emancipatory presentment of them." But there is much more to the comparison than this. It is not for suffusing the dead letter with the living spirit, that we British honour either Shakespeare or Beethoven, but for the incalculable sensitiveness and sympathy, the mysterious awareness—in a word, the inspiration, which enabled each of them to sound the depths and soar to the heights of human emotions, in regions whereof they could have had no personal experience. "A pure heart penetrateth heaven and hell"; but when it is coupled with transcendent ability, with an almost divine faculty of interpretation, with an insight into the very heart of matters of which ordinary men's understanding is vague and superficial—well, then we begin to appreciate Beethoven.

Strangely enough, although we know much less of Shakespeare the man than of Beethoven the man,

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the idea of the first, which we piece together from his friends' allusions, is diametrically opposed to our knowledge of the last. "Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child," hero of "sugar'd sonnets" and convivial "Mermaid" nights—London theatre-proprietor, Warwickshire landowner, *persona grata* with Court and courtiers, devotee of flowers in field and garden—it is sufficiently difficult to imagine him as the wizard-creator of Macbeth and of Shylock. But it is even more difficult to conceive of his very antithesis, the shy, uncouth, surly, vehement Beethoven—his natural misanthropy continually increased by physical infirmity and mental anguish—in connection with some fairy Scherzo, some celestial Adagio, some almost boisterous ebullition of "jest and youthful jollity." . . . Until we remember that what Beethoven bestowed upon us was born of an outward silence and an internal intellectual beauty, surpassing all that earth may know. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." "Not to the sensual ear, but more endearing," he piped to his spirit "ditties of no tone." When the Ninth Symphony was first performed, the stone-deaf master, "standing in the midst of the rolling waves of sound, heard nothing." Nothing. He did not even know when the music ceased, and the "volcanic eruption of applause" set in.

Consider this man, to whom in a sense we owe all we know and all we need to know of absolute abstract beauty in the world of music! Perceive out of what abysses, *de profundis*, his gold was mined, through what overwhelming waterfloods he brought his pearls to shore! Remember how, through every circumstance of material discomfort, mental distress, physical suffering, he still forced his way and maintained his stand, aloof, aloft, bestriding his art—the miserable actualities of his existence trodden worm-like underfoot! Any adequate description of his complex personality verges on a contradiction in terms. Yet it is worth while attempting, if only to demonstrate that

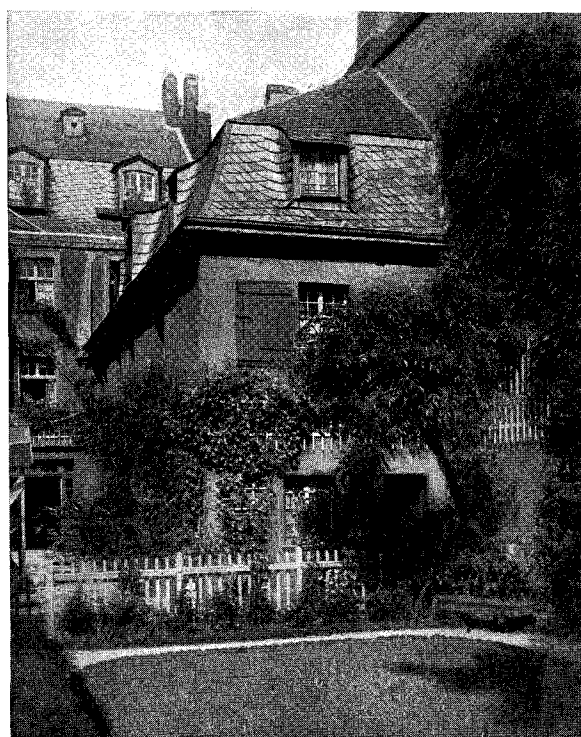


Beethoven.

room a litter of papers, remains of food, music-scores—the table and floor congested with unanswered letters, uncorrected proofs, unfinished MSS. Careless as to religious observances and rites, though animated by abstract feelings of deep devotion, of faith in the Eternal Purpose. Careless as to money and all that it could bestow: no money can buy a sunset.

Yet never careless as regards his two dominant passions—one for work, the other for out-of-doors. The second was the fount of the first: it was out-of-doors that inspiration came. On lonely country walks, on mountain climbs, in the freedom of fresh air, sunshine, great winds, green fields and woods, Beethoven discovered the ideals and inspirations after which he yearned—perfect beauty, perfect liberty, escape from vexatious, mercenary mankind. There he found celestial consolation: there dwelt the sources of that inexhaustible energy, that inexpressible Joy—*Freude, schöner Götterfunken*—which culminated in the Ninth Symphony. The supreme human artist could only complete himself in union with that Nature which "never did betray the heart that loved her."

The peculiar suspicious irritability, so characteristic of deaf people, was Beethoven's in full measure: he was easily offended, irascible, sensitive, restless. His capacity for friendship was marred by these defects; his affections were unreciprocated, his love was unrequited. "I have only found two friends in the



Beethoven's birthplace at Bonn.

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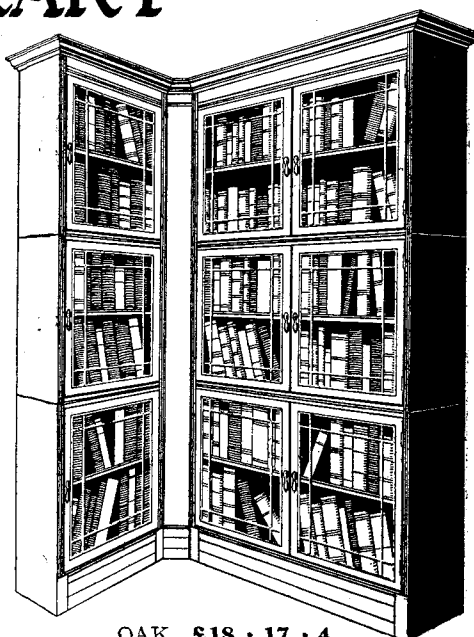
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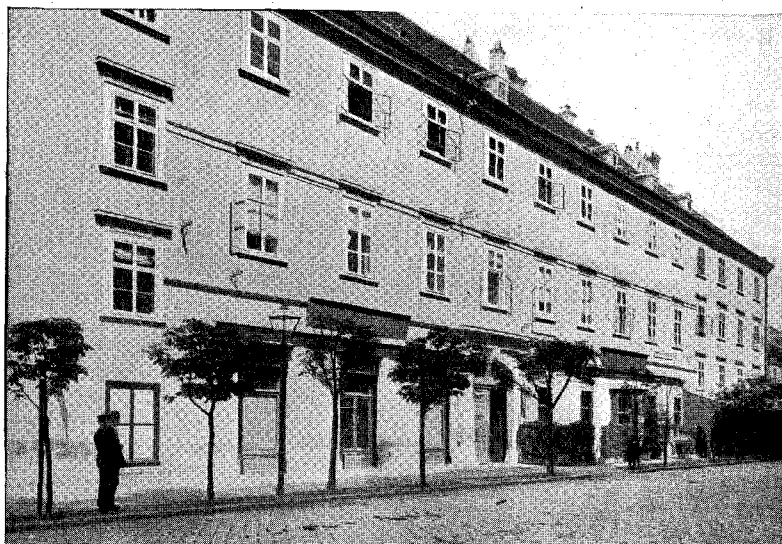
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The "Schwarz-Spanier" House in Vienna
in which Beethoven died.

world," he declared, "with whom I have never had a misunderstanding. One is dead." His uncertain temper, and bitter sarcastic tongue, were apt to alienate more acquaintances than were attracted by his occasional bursts of wit and vivacity. Yet the "hidden man of the heart" was generous, kindly, sociable. As his diary avowed, "O ye who think or say that I am rancorous, obstinate, or misanthropical, what an injustice you do me! . . . From childhood my heart and mind have been devoted to benevolent feelings, and to the thought of great deeds to be achieved in the future. . . . Born with an ardent, lively temperament, fond of social pleasures, I was early compelled to withdraw myself, and live in isolation from all men. . . . For me there can be no recreation in human intercourse, no conversation, no exchange of thoughts with my fellow-men. In solitary exile I am compelled to live." . . . "But," he also wrote, "I know that God is nearer to me than to many others in my art: and with Him I commune fearlessly." The rapture of the Inner Light made amends for all. . . . And this was he whom Goethe regarded as "a savage personality, at loggerheads with mankind"!

It is one of the greatest compliments ever paid to our nation, that Beethoven's darling wish was to visit England. He considered the English race to be incomparably excellent. Was he subconsciously aware that "what Beethoven's melodies produce, Shakespeare's spirit-shapes also project"? It was the culminant irony of fate that this wish was never to be gratified: any more than his intense desire for a wife and home. His innumerable and fugitive attachments, nearly all with regard to women of superior rank, were predestined never to materialise. One can scarcely imagine him as a married man. Domestic happiness and Beethoven appear almost ludicrously incompatible. "For thyself," in his own words, "there is no further happiness than that which thou findest in thyself—thy art!"

Yet, as Carlyle phrased it, "There is in man a higher than love of Happiness. He can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness." Can we not believe that—in a way and to an extent undreamed, uncomprehended by our lesser intelligence—Beethoven did?

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.*

A slight injustice to Titian's famous painting is involved by using its title here. For, while Franz Liszt professed the first, he practised the second. "The Man of Love," he is termed by his biographer; but the *Man of License*, the *Man of Liaisons* would have been far more appropriate. The French significance of "love" is entirely one-sided; and compared to Franz, as here depicted, Don Juan was a plaster saint.

The intrigues, particularised with gusto by M. Guy de Pourtalès (some fourteen in all), are, one conjectures, those of special importance, such as exercised a definite influence upon Liszt's artistic life. Of minor "affairs," one can only infer that they may have existed beyond computation. The great pianist's career as a "gay Lothario" began at the age of seventeen, and continued till he was seventy or so. His amours ranged from princess to peasant, from young girls to mature women; whether married or single, was not of the least consequence—in one case there was a disparity of twenty-five years between himself and the elderly enchantress! He is represented as the victim of impassioned females; a very willing victim at that!

The author is so steeped in Gallic enthusiasms over Liszt as a lover, that his musical references are comparatively sketchy. Numerous notable men are overshadowed by processions of adoring women. Still, as the record of an existence which was one long triumph over bravuras and scruples, and of a virtuosity probably never to be surpassed, the book supplies useful information. M. de Pourtalès puts great stress upon the Liszt compositions: most great pianists are ambitious of immortality as composers, and they seldom attain it. The present popularity of the "Hungarian Rhapsodies" is, I believe, largely due to their use of folk-melodies as the background for intricate and flamboyant arabesques of sound. Liszt's vocal compositions, seldom heard, leave little impression on the hearer: his larger works being curiously unprepossessing. The very thought of the "Dante" Symphony evokes a reminiscent shudder.

Those who take pleasure in *chroniques scandaleuses* will find abundant enjoyment in these annals: musical amateurs will discover interesting biographical matter. To the general reader, a sense of nausea will be conveyed by the blend of religious sentimentality and earthly sensuality revealed in that unparalleled executant.

TUNES WITHOUT TEARS.†

The nursery folk of to-day are led by pleasant paths into the realm of music. Those dreadful scales and exercises, which formerly were stones and briars under little feet, are now postponed to a later period; and whereas a bit of melody used to be the reward of virtue in achieving the said scales with a minimum degree of accuracy, the lucky modern child gets the jam first and the powder second. An admirable instance of common sense; for the sense of rhythm is early inculcated, the inestimable fact that simplicity and tunefulness go hand in hand is brought to the notice of the tiniest beginner; and nobody is bored stiff with mere finger-work, in which the novice can't see any point at all.

The two books comprising "The Child's First Melody Garden," originally hailing from America, are very well adapted for their purpose. The little nursery rhyme tunes are given to both hands to play: the left hand not being

* "Franz Liszt: the Man of Love." By Guy de Pourtalès. Translated by Eleanor Stimson Brooks. 10s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

† "The Child's First Melody Garden." By Mabel Madison Watson. Two books, each 2s. (Augener.)—"Starting Out." Twenty-one Nursery Rhymes for Piano. By Ernest Newton. 2s. (Enoch.)—"Play-Songs for Little Folk." Book I. By Harold Parsons. 2s. (Enoch.)

differentiated as "bass," but allotted the continuation or repetition of the tune wherever necessary. This is a really excellent idea, because it places both hands (to use an Irishism) on an equal footing. For novelty, utility, and interest, this notion is much to be commended. As a follow-on, Ernest Newton's "Starting Out," where the tune is given to both hands in unison, are also very helpful both for teachers and taught: and the introductory notes on Time and Rhythm, those bugbears of the infant mind, are particularly well expressed and easy of comprehension. The third publication on our list, "Play-Songs for Little Folk," is not intended for performance by children, but to them. Illustrations and tunes are evenly matched in attractiveness, the latter being charmingly "catchy"; and one can well imagine small people's voices uplifted, around "Mummie" at the piano, in such fluent strains. The verses of these songs are quite pretty, in an ultra-childish way; though, to my mind, there are in most cases too many of them. Six or seven verses are superabundant for any nursery ditty. However "Play-Songs" is a pleasing little collection. And all these publications evoke a desire—not for childhood's renewal, so much as to wish that, when one *did* inhabit that Arcadia, one's elders had been keener and kinder, in the imparting of tunes and the avoidance of tears!

M. B.

The Drama.

FILMS AND PLAYS.

BY GRAHAM SUTTON.

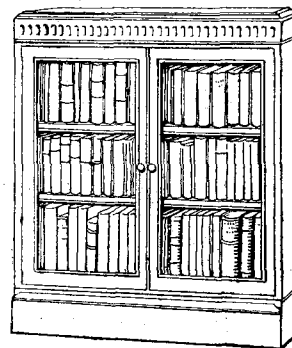
The Murnau-Jannings film of *Faust*, shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion, is "adapted from Goethe's immortal drama"—or so the programme says. But the immediate inspiration is Gounod's. Goethe's man, whose years are nowhere definitely stated, gives the impression of middle age; he has been ten years a professor, he says of himself: has a long beard, feels somewhat out of touch with the active world, and would like to be thirty years younger. One might be short of fifty, and feel all this. But the dramatic value of Faust's physical transformation, from doddering eld to dapper youth, is hard to resist; and so the film brings in the Elixir of Life (in Goethe, it is a love-potion that Mephistopheles brews for Faust, and there is no indication of a return to youth save in the hero's mind), and the rest of the story follows the opera. Yet the adapters have been skilful enough to preserve a good deal of Goethe, and it will interest Goethe students to dissect the construction. Some of the Prologue is retained—the conflict of Heaven and Hell, which was Goethe's main argument. There is a hint of the Walpurgis scenes, though this never comes to much. And the plague in Faust's native town (called Roda: why not Wittenburg?) which in Goethe belongs to the lifetime of Faust's father, is here ingeniously connected with Faust himself. Other touches are pure "film"—the burning of Marguerite, and the salvation of Faust by LOVE. But on the whole the adaptation is dignified, and includes as much Goethe as one can reasonably expect. The photography varies in quality, that of the mediæval streets and interiors being much better than that of the garden-scenes or of the supernatural fakery. The acting is mostly good.

The Gainsborough film *The Lodger* is a potential first-rate picture marred by its ending, which suggests that someone in the studio suddenly found he had a train to catch, and that the climax of the story had to be polished off in three minutes. A murder-maniac is at large, pursued by (a) the heroine's first lover, a detective, and (b) her second, a mysterious lodger whose sleuthing incurs suspicion and leads to his own arrest. Surely, the shape of the whole story demands that the real murderer's arrest shall be caused by, or at least connected with, one of these two—preferably the lodger? (It's too late now, but I would undertake to supply the Gainsborough company with at least two endings vastly better than the botch they have made.) All the same this is a better film than *Faust*; and the acting of Marie Ault as the landlady is magnificent.

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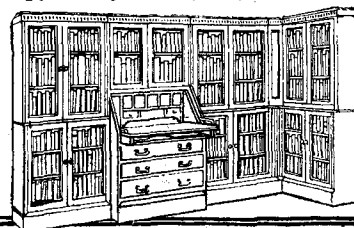
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P.P.5

Eden and Adelaide Phillpotts's *Yellow Sands* at the Haymarket is full of good things, of which two will particularly appeal to the discerning playgoer. One is the authors' skill in writing so pungently political a play without giving offence; party-bias, even when one happens to agree with it, damns many a work of art; the secret of *Yellow Sands*' success lies in the fact that its politics are funny first, and political only as it were by implication or accident. The second outstanding merit is the acting of Frank Vosper as a bewildered Bolshevik; a very difficult part, which only a sound understanding between author and actor, and a conviction that (in art) humanity is more important than politics, could have presented so happily. Cedric Hardwicke is equally effective; if I put Mr. Vosper first it is because his task seems to me so much the more difficult. Mr. Hardwicke is much too fine an actor not to score heavily as Dick Varwell; and, in passing, one may congratulate the authors on recreating the essential Churdleism of Churdles Ash in such a convincing disguise. Mr. Phillpotts, by reproducing without parody the success of *The Farmer's Wife*, gives full proof of his craftsmanship; and among all his modern audiences he will find no warmer well-wishers than some of us, who used to applaud him in his comparatively unknown Repertory days. His success comes late, maybe; we know how richly he has earned it.

One More River, by Ashley Dukes, was not one of the Stage Society's happier efforts. Surely, the function of a Sunday society is to try out such plays as are too good for the commercial manager to risk producing? No one can gauge precisely the stageworthiness of an "unusual" manuscript—especially if its author has no ready-made public. With a well-known dramatist most managers would gladly take a risk. This time, however, the Society has done no more than prove that the risk is not always worth taking.

I urge all BOOKMAN readers to see *Berkeley Square*, at the St. Martin's. It is well produced by Frank Birch: well acted by all, especially Lawrence Anderson; and Jean Forbes-Robertson's Helen Pettigrew is one of the loveliest things I remember. Yet there are other plays as well produced, and with as high an average of acting. My reason for urging this is in the play itself—its fineness, its craftsmanship, its quality, which must appeal to all lovers of beauty exquisitely conveyed. Too often, pondering a play, one feels that its message could have been more subtly expressed in some other medium—in novel, in short story, maybe in lyric verse. The stage tends to crudify, to turn on the limelight, to sacrifice something of the inner spirit on the altar of outward form: or conversely, to stress the spirit at the expence of stagecraft (but this way lies Sunday-nightery and the Bedlam Theatre). Rarely indeed does it achieve true fusion of the form and the spirit. *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Cherry Orchard*, *The Cradle Song*, *The Playboy*, *Heartbreak House*, *Loyalties*—in these, widely different though they are, the miracle happened. It happened in *Chu Chin Chow*—please remember I am speaking of the *fusion* itself, irrespective of intellectual values. And at the other end of the scale again, it happens in *Berkeley Square*.

Just how, I can hardly tell: such spiritual process being, happily, outside the canons of criticism. Perhaps the play's variety of texture has something to do with it. Here, rubbing shoulders with so many ideas, one feels that not even a long-winded novelist could have interpreted the theme more completely: and that indeed he might have lost his way in it, and missed Mr. Balderston's clarity. Again, the ideas that jostle in this play are not only numerous, they are of different types. But that's a fault, you'll say? So it is, most often. I am not forgetting the old maxim of playmaking, that you must decide upon the *genre* of what you propose to write, and then stick to it. I merely note that Mr. Balderston has managed to mix his *genres* without losing his unity. He has moments of abstract thought, of sheer atmosphere, such as young Peter Standish's reaction to the "idea" of the eighteenth century. He has moments of genuine and creepy thrill, surpassing that of any crook play (the producer has greatly helped him here). He has light comedy, arising from

certain blunders Peter makes when transformed to the eighteenth century; and cheek-by-jowl with this, a dash of the supernatural, since his associates suspect that Peter is possessed by the devil. Satire, too—self-satire, you may say: for he first causes Peter to idealise the past age, and then shows his disillusion. Last, a queer twist of tragedy. Young Peter is aware which sister he is destined to marry; for before entering the eighteenth century he has studied its documents in the twentieth, and knows to what facts he is committed; and yet he falls in love with the wrong girl—a love "outside Nature, outside Time": a ghost-love, which can never come to fruition.

I can give little notion, in this crude short sketch, of the play's haunting beauty—its different elements so subtly fused, its *style*, its sentiment that never oversteps the mark, its lovely and unforced ending. My failure only points what I said just now about its dramatic quality. It fits and fills the stage. Seen there, it is unthinkable in another medium. It breaks through the rules into success. I should not hesitate to place it among the half-dozen best plays that I have seen since the war.

LITERATURE IN THE THEATRE. By W. A. Darlington.
12s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Staleness, the curse of most reprinted journalism, descends most grievously on reprinted dramatic articles; for the playhouse atmosphere is magic, goes to the head like wine, and leads sometimes to excesses both of praise and blame which later are seen to be ineffective storms in wholly insignificant teacups. The first virtue of Mr. Darlington's reprints is their permanence. They were written topically, he says; but they were not written ephemerally, we can see for ourselves; or if any parts of them were, those parts have been ruthlessly weeded out. As dealing with current instances, they retain their topical flavour; but because Mr. Darlington (being other things beside dramatic critic) sees his theatre in the round, he has chosen themes of permanent interest to discuss, in which root-principles as well as current instances are involved. Thus he has wise things to say on the distinction between temperament and personality in the actor, on the conditions which govern dramatic form, on national standards of elocution, on What the Public Wants. His second virtue is his range, shown in variety not only of theme but of the digressions and illustrations with which he enlivens his argument. His plays range from the Passion Play at Oberammergau to "Back to Methuselah" at Birmingham; his people from Meggie Albanesi to the Tired Business Man; his digressions from German railways to George Robey's potential Macbeth. One of the most interesting essays is that which gives the book its title—which I ventured to take as text for my dramatic review recently, since it chimed in with a good deal of what I already wanted to say. But it is only one good thing among many—two dozen or more. This is a book to keep. G. S.

A FLORENTINE COMEDY. By Claude C. Washburn.
7s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)

It is not too much to say that this is an extraordinarily interesting book. Conrad Brooke, after leaving Harvard, wrote a novel that made enough money to let him settle in Florence, where "... no one was impolite to anyone else. You were charming to them, then went away and talked about them behind their backs—and they about you; which made everything quite pleasant and satisfactory." Here he fell in love with, and married, Eleanor Hudson, the exquisitely beautiful (mentally and physically) Italian-born daughter of American parents, and it is their life together that forms the main theme of the story—against a background of clever portraiture of Italian men, women and politics. Eleanor is beautiful, but cold; Conrad is clean, but human. Their tale is told with a rare insight enhanced by the very restraint of the teller's language. It is impossible to recommend the book too highly—a clever study in emotions, a delicately humorous picture, and an absorbing story.